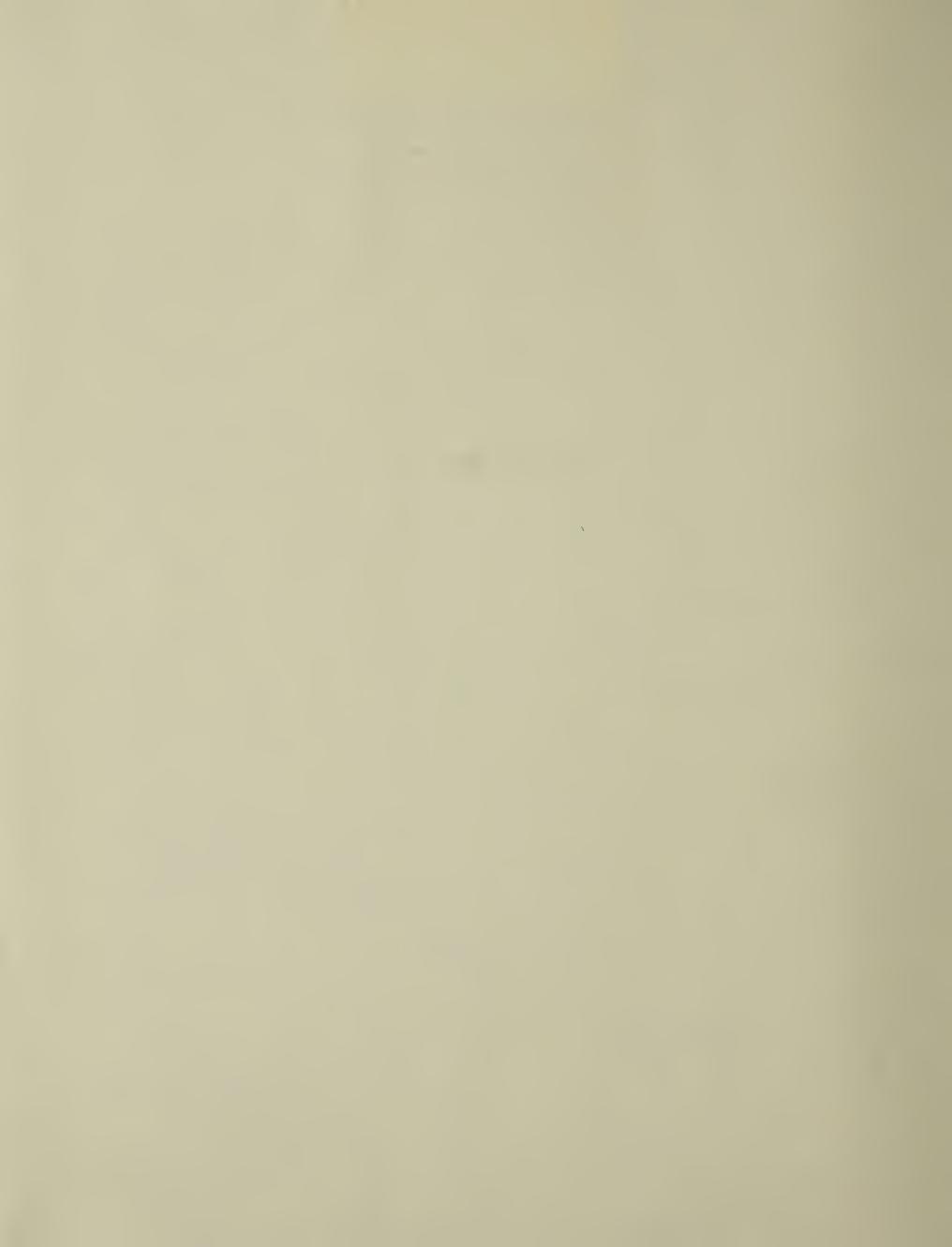


REYNOLDS HISTORICAL GENEALOGY COLLECTION







### FAMILY

With a Genealogical Record of some of their Descendants, compiled and written by

ROBERT J. BUCK



DESIGNED and ILLUSTRATED
by CORYDON BELL

PRIVATELY PRINTED in ASHEVILLE
1948

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Anne and Bud with Best wishes From Uncle Reuben

January 1942

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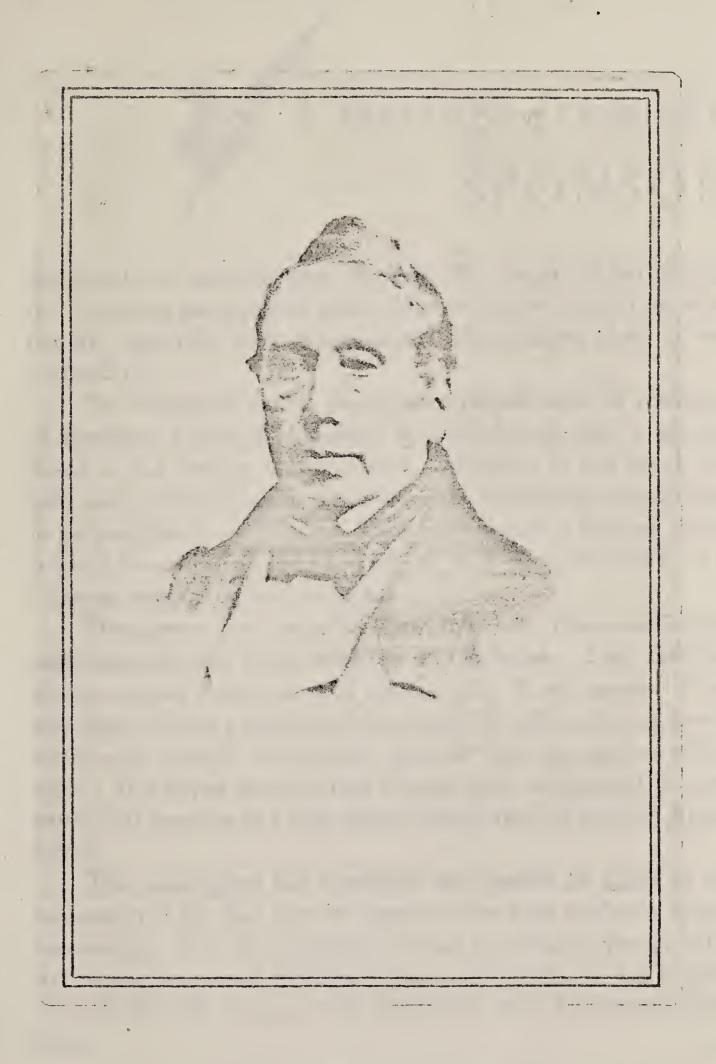
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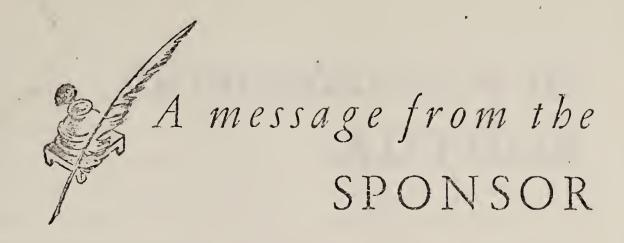
FAMILY





PETER THOMSON





LIFE IS LONG and memories fleeting. We forget all too quickly the interesting personalities with whose records we should be most familiar, especially those whose names take honored place in our ancestral tree.

The Thomson-Gamble family story records more of romance, of adventure and of distinguished accomplishment than is usually found in the average family history. Members of the family on both male and distaff sides have made great and lasting contributions to the progress of our Nation. Their feats provide a heritage which is worth remembering and of which all who share the kinship of a common origin may well be proud.

Throughout the course of their lives the Thomson-Gamble progenitors showed vision, fortitude and initiative. They exemplified in unusual degree the trail blazing spirit of the pioneer. (The undersigned being a member of the family by suffrance—and matrimony—can indulge in favorable comment with appropriate objectivity.) It is hoped that this trail blazing spirit, emphasized in these pages, will continue as a well defined family trait on into the distant future.

The undersigned has sponsored this booklet in token of his admiration of the fine traits of character that have made the family outstanding. It is also intended to record his enduring gratitude for the many evidences of friendliness and consideration he has enjoyed through the half century of his association with Thomson-Gamble folks.

Render B. Robertson

# An introduction by the AUTHOR

This little book is concerned not so much with genealogical statistics as with the background of the Thomson-Gamble Family, and with the elements of tradition and culture which are the basic foundation of character. The family tree outlined in the genealogical chart has been compiled from other available family records, from library research, from the records of the Filson Club of Louisville, and from reminiscences of the members of the family. It is accurate as far as it goes, but no chart of this kind gives a complete record of family connections out of the direct line, since there are few sources at present available for verification, and such a record spreads out like a fan to unwieldly length.

The wealth of historical record and tradition that surrounds the early American ancestors of the Thomson-Gamble family entitles them to a place among those who helped to weld this country into a single nation, who turned the wilderness into thriving communities, and by their courage and intrepid determination, held it safe for future generations to enjoy. Many of the family names included in the Thomson-Gamble line, such as the Rogers, Clarks, Andersons, and Logans, appear often in the history of those early times. General George Rogers Clark and General William Clark were brothers of Elizabeth Clark, the great grandmother of Laura Gamble Thomson, while the Kentucky pioneer, General Benjamin Logan was her great grandfather on her grandfather's side. Their names appear in the history of our country, while the records of the early settlements, communities and townships include the names of other ancestors. Cities and counties bear their names, progress and industry have grown up around them, and the spirit which wrought miracles in the past is still active in the progress of today. It is a heritage of

accomplishment, and an obligation upon their descendents to fulfill the duties such a background imposes.

No attempt has been made to trace the genealogical record prior to the first American ancestors. There are traditions in the family, however, memories handed down from one generation to another, which throw considerable light upon their antecedents, and form a valuable background for the American line. Mrs. Alexander Thomson and her family paid a visit to Paisley, near Glasgow in Scotland, in 1928, and again in 1932. This was the home town of the parents of Peter Thomson, the original American ancestor of the Thomsons. Her recollections of this visit are given in this book under the title, "A Visit to Paisley." There are references mentioned in library records on genealogy of various American families which suggest interesting possibilities if the curtain of time could be raised. Here are a few of them:

John Cox Underwood, in his Rogers Book, makes the statement that: "These Rogers are of the family of John Rogers 'The Martyr of Scotland'."

The History of Halifax County, Virginia, makes this statement about the Logans: "The Logan family went from Scotland to Ireland, and from Ireland to Philadelphia. (see Americans of Royal Descent). They were powerful Feudal Barons of Scotland."

L. V. F. Randolph, in his "Fitz-Randolph Traditions", states that the family name of Randolph educes from Randolph, Lord of Middleham, about 1200 A.D., who was of the ninth generation from Rolf, The Viking, who conquered Normandy in A. D. 112. William the Conqueror was also a descendant of Rolf.

Eva Clough Speare, in her book on the Clough Family, quotes from John Burke's "History of the Commoners" that: "This family—Clough,—its name and arms educe from the Lords of Rohan in the Dukedom of Rohan." Rohan was a small vis-county, later erected into a duchy in Brittany or Bretagne, in France, when William the Norman invaded that province in A.D. 1050. In the early times the name "Clough" was given to those chieftains in Brittany

who guarded the glens and gulches running down from their high rugged strongholds against attack or invasion. Among all the Celtic tribes a ravine was called "Clough", and when the office of Guardianship became hereditary, these chieftains were called Ravine men, or Cloughs.

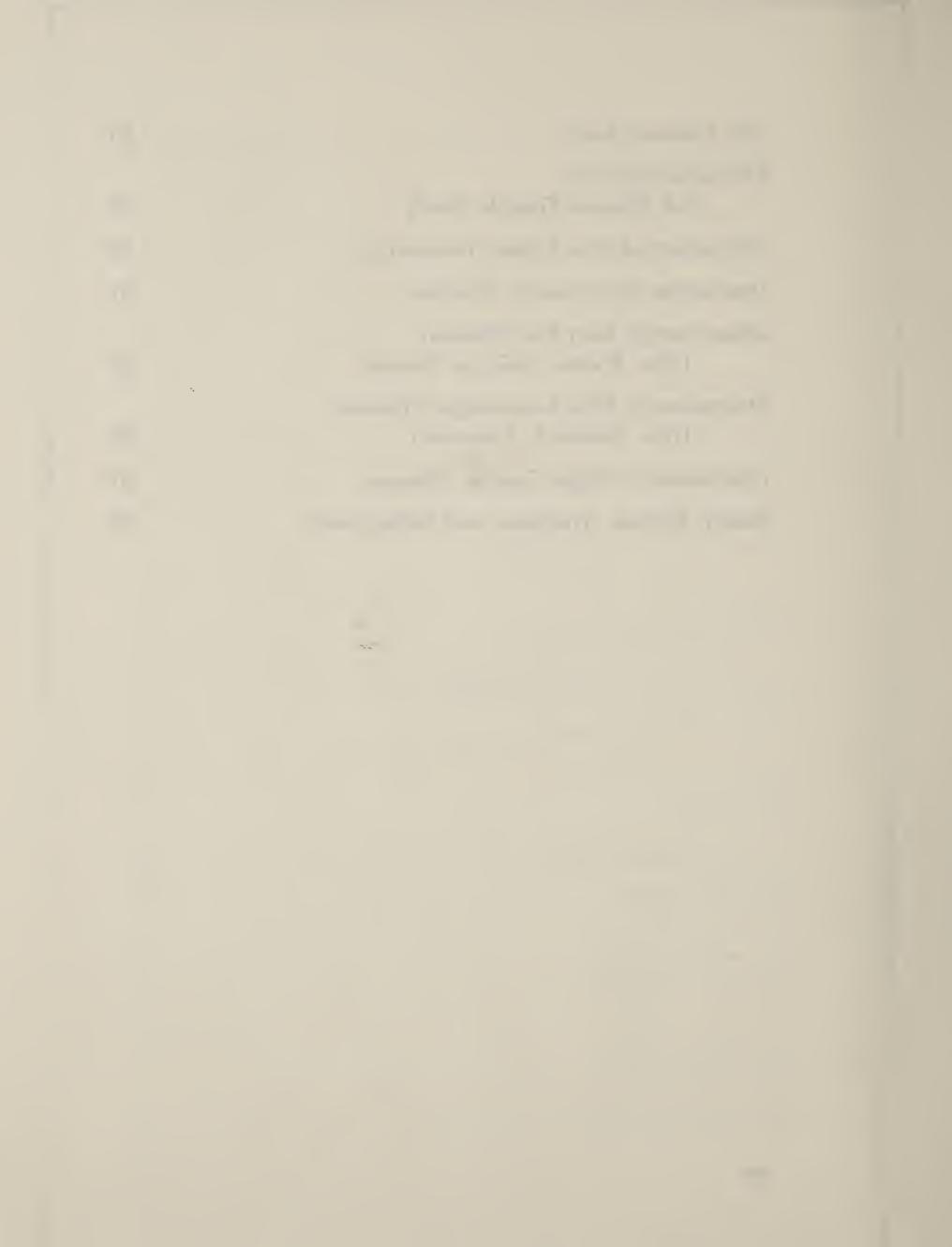
The above excerpts from the pages of the past open up a wonderful field for the imagination to run riot in pictures and dreams of a bygone day. They may not tie in with the Thomson-Gamble genealogical records, but perhaps they do. And it is part of the inheritance which our early American ancestors brought with them to this country, whether they knew it, or not. It is enough to indicate that the immigrants to this country were not refugees, but pioneers whose background and training fitted them for leadership in a new environment. Their heritage was the courage and steadfastness and the vision which could build for the future.

The background sketches, of which this little book consists, have been selected to indicate the typical nature of the American line, and to give a picture of the times in which they lived. They may also serve to keep the memory of those sturdy ancestors fresh in the minds of future generations, lest they forget how much they have inherited from the past.

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General George Rogers Clark

General Benjamin Logan

Alexander Thomson
(Father of Peter G. Thomson)

Mrs. Alexander Thomson
(Mary Ann Edwards)

Peter Gibson Thomson

Mrs. Peter Gibson Thomson (Laura Gamble)

Alexander Thomson
(Son of Peter G. Thomson)

Logan Gamble Thomson
(Son of Peter G. Thomson)

Peter Thomson's Letter (Facsimile) . Pocket inside back cover



#### A visit to PAISLEY

From a memo dictated by Mrs. Alexander Thomson (Mary Moore Dabney) for this record July 22nd, 1947

Peter thomson, the first American ancestor of the Thomson family, came from the industrial town of Paisley, Renfrewshire, near Glasgow in Scotland in 1824. My husband and I visited Paisley in 1928, and again in 1932, and found it a very domestic looking, brick built town, straight narrow streets, and very little of the romantic beauty you would connect with the Stuarts, who also originated there. Now, it is the center of the thread industry, but in the old days it was famous for the making of Paisley Shawls. These shawls were very popular, being worn by the Queen and considered quite the mode. But when the Queen appeared upon an occasion wearing an Indian shawl, the styles suddenly changed, and Paisley shawls lost their popularity. The Thomsons had owned the looms upon which the shawls were woven, placing them in the homes of the weavers, and when the demand for these shawls ceased, they, like many others, were forced to go into other businesses.

Peter Thomson came to this country in his early twenties, and almost immediately married Rhoda Johnson, a Scotch girl whom he

had known back home, whose family had preceded him to America. It is believed that the lodestone which drew Peter across the sea was Rhoda, rather than the opportunities of the new world. He wrote a letter to his father in 1826, announcing his marriage and the birth of a son, and giving a vivid description of his stormy voyage to the new world. (A transcription of this letter is given on other pages with a lithographed reproduction of the letter itself.)

Peter and Rhoda, I believe, had six children. Alexander was the eldest, Peter the second son, and James the youngest. Peter, Jr., went to Mexico or South America, while James, who lived in Ohio at one time, died in Indianapolis, Indiana. There were certainly two little boys who were buried with their mother, Rhoda Thomson, first in an old graveyard in Baltimore, and later removed to the new cemetery called Olivet. Peter married again, but we have no knowledge of what became of the children of the second wife, except that two of the girls came to visit the Cincinnati relatives from time to time.

Alexander, the oldest son of Peter, went back to Scotland to live with his grandparents after his mother's death. He returned to America later, but all through his life, by visits and correspondence, he kept in close touch with his relatives in the old country, and frequently brought back beautiful things, which showed a very discriminating taste and an artistic sense that seems to carry down in the family.

Alexander married Mary Ann Edwards, who was from Abergavenny, in Monmouthshire near the border. This was a thriving little town in 1932, when we visited it last. Mary Ann Randolph Edwards, the mother of Alexander's wife, was the daughter of an English knight or baronet, and the story of her meeting with young Edwards, and their romance, is quite interesting, according to family tradition. They were both interested in music and met one afternoon at some musical entertainment. He was the son of a prosperous clothing merchant, and very handsome. And they fell in love. But Mary Ann's father, a member of the titled gentry, would

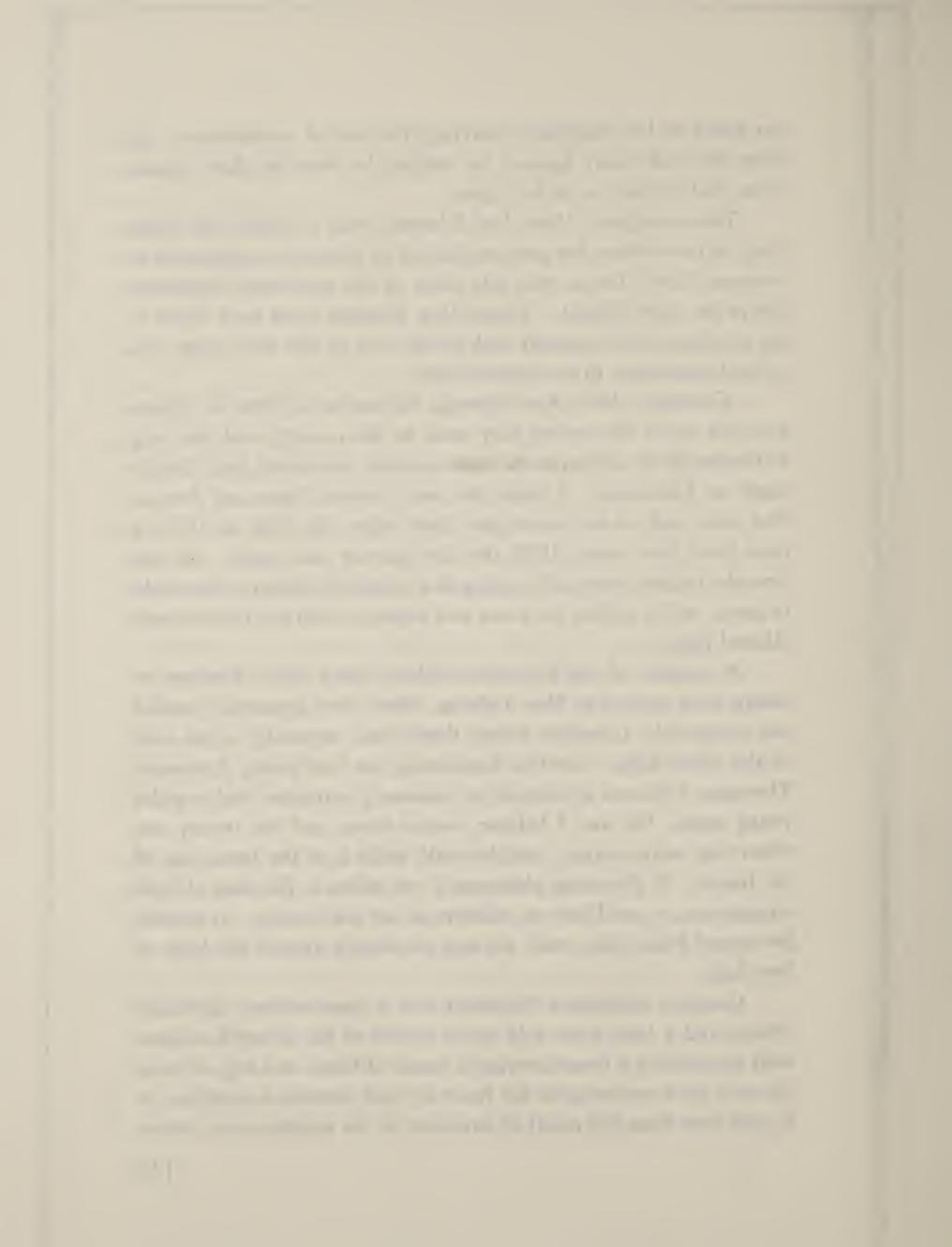
not listen to his daughter's marrying the son of a tradesman. So when she did marry against his wishes, he shut his door against them, and refused to see her again.

Their daughter, Mary Ann Edwards, was, I believe, the eldest child of three when her parents decided to follow the suggestion of a cousin, David Davis, who told them of the marvelous opportunities in the New World. Young Mrs. Edwards went back home to say goodbye to her parents and family, but so the story goes, was refused admittance to her former home.

"Grandma" Mary Ann Edwards, the mother of Peter G. Thomson, told me of the journey they made to this country, and their trip to Pittsburgh by sled over the snow covered mountains, and then by coach to Cincinnati. I think she was between three and four at that time, and, as she was eighty three when she died, in 1914, it must have been about 1829 that the journey was made. At that time the Indians were still coming down the Ohio River at intervals, to camp, and to collect the stores and monies which the Government allotted them.

A number of the Edwards children, Mary Ann's brothers or sisters, later moved to New Orleans, where they apparently settled and prospered. Grandma visited them often, especially at the time of the Mardi Gras. And in Cincinnati, she met young Alexander Thomson, who was apparently an unusually attractive and popular young man. He was, I believe, twenty three, and she twenty one when they were married, which would make it in the latter part of the forties. A charming photograph was taken at the time of their engagement, to send back to relatives in the old country. It showed her seated beside him, with his arm decorously around the back of her chair.

Grandpa Alexander Thomson was a great athlete, especially strong, and I have been told many stories of his strength wagers, such as climbing a fence carrying a barrel of flour, or a keg of nails. He may have overstrained his heart by such strenuous exercises, or it may have been the result of exposure to the weather on a winter



journey by coach over the mountains to Cincinnati, on which he exchanged his inside seat with a lady and her children who, unfortunately, had been allotted an outside seat. At any rate, he returned home with rheumatic fever, and from then on, during the last seven years of his life, was confined to his bed, dying in the house on the east side of Broadway, between Third and Fourth Street.

His sister-in-law, Mrs. James Thomson of Indianapolis, Aunt Lizzie to us, told me that during this period he was a favorite in the family, holding regular family gatherings in his bedroom, where he lay dressed in a red flannel nightgown, since red flannel was supposed to contain particular curative virtues in case of rheumatic fever. He was a very heavy man, and loved the food that his wife was famous for cooking.

Alexander Thomson and Mary Ann Edwards had four children, two girls, Mollie and Rhoda, and two boys, Peter and Alexander. Little Alexander met a tragic death when he was only about eighteen months old. His mother, who was preparing an old time hair tonic, had asked the nurse to bring her a cup of hot water, and the nurse had thoughtlessly set the cup down within reach of the child. He drank the scalding water, and it burned his mouth and throat so severely that he died before help could be given him.

Young Peter G. Thomson met his wife, Laura Gamble, when she came to visit the Kendricks in Cincinnati. They lived on Broadway, across the street from the Thomsons. On the last night of her visit to the Kendricks, Peter called to take Laura to the theatre at Pike's Opera House. He has told me a number of times that he had wanted to ask her to marry him that night, and she has freely admitted to me that if he had done so, she would have said "yes". They had known a great deal about each other, through family friendships, and the romance must have started the instant they met.

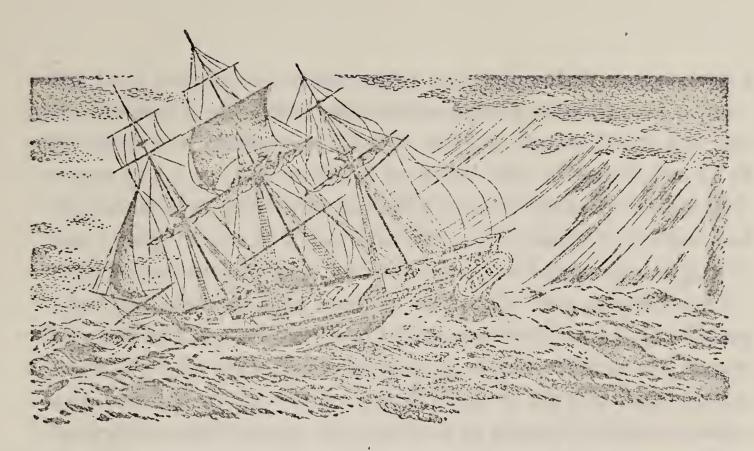
In those days, Louisville was far from Cincinnati, and the hard worked Peter, who was at that time a clerk in Robert Clark's Book Store, could not make the trip often. They saw each other only seven times before their wedding day.

The Thomsons seem always to have been people of decided personality, positive in opinion and independent in action. James Thomson, the brother of Grandpa Alexander, was a great reader, and apparently had a distinct dramatic talent, which made his recitations from Shakespeare and Robert Burns a delight to all his friends. He must have had a phenomenal memory, as he could recite by the hour. At the time of the opening of the Civil War, he and his family,—(his wife was Aunt Lizzie),—left to make their home at Morrow, Ohio, where he was Superintendent of Construction of what, I believe is now the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This was one of the more prosperous intervals in his life. In line with his characteristically generous impulses, he took every cent he could rake and scrape, and outfitted a company of Union soldiers, with whom he marched off to the Civil War, leaving his wife to give birth to one child and to bury another during his absence. His wife was always very industrious and resourceful, and supported herself by baking bread for the village people, and renting her front parlor to an itinerant dentist and acting as his assistant when he was operating on the suffering public.

Uncle James must have been a very fascinating person. When his wife heard of his illness in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and went down to nurse him, she found him lying in the best bed of the main guest room in the biggest house in Murfreesboro, with the ladies of the family and friends entranced by his recitations and delightful stories.

He had four children, Alexander, Mollie, Harry, and Ida.

Referring again to my visit to Paisley, the port from which Peter Thomson sailed for America was Greenock, Scotland. It is still the shipping port for Glasgow, and when my husband and I and our four boys returned from our trip to Scotland, we made it a sentimental journey by sailing from the same port.



## PETER THOMSON'S Letter

NOTE: This is a verbatim copy of a letter written by Peter Thomson, the original American ancestor of the Thomson family to his father in Scotland on January 1st, 1826. They did not use envelopes in those days, but left one side of the letter sheet blank, for the address, and folded the letter into envelope size and sealed it, thus enclosing the entire contents of the letter. The letter follows:—

Mr Alexr Thomson
Care of Mr. John Thomson
Patren Drawer Barrow
Field Dye Works
By Glasgow
N. B.
Dear Father and Mother

You will no doubt think that I have been very neglectful in not writing you sooner But on account of my leaving New York I had no opertunity of writing you aney sooner I was in the steat of Peensylvenia a hundred and fifty miles from N-Y-k



But I did not like the pleace and I returned to N-Y-k again and I am foreman in the Greenwich Distilery But I have news of a Beter Situation in a Elizabeth town steat of New Jearsey I will give ane acount of my passage to N-Y-k we sailed from Greenock the 12 of No-ber we was drove into Rose Bay and lay their three days their was a Brig Bound to Dumerara that parted Boath her cables and ran afoul of our ship in a snow storm on the Sunday morning after I left you when daylight came in we got the Brig parted from the ship and in Clear on our chain cables one of our saylors got his leg. taken of at the ancle it was hanging to a peace of skin and he says dam you has non of you got a Jack knife to cut that peace of skin his leg was taken of him and sent back to Greenock Sailed on Monday after none and on Tuesday morning we was drove on to Lamcach Bay and lay their 7 days it stormed aful while we lay theire sailed again on the 22 of N-ber and we cleared the coast of Scotland the next day we had very stormey wether all Moth December we had very cold wether and 12 of Dec-ber we had one of the aful'est storms I ever saw in my life in the afternone about 4 o clock when the saylors was reafing the foretop saill 2 of the saylors was swept from the yeard and one of them we never saw more of him he Belongs to Cambelton on the 22 of Dec-ber our ship took a Buck and went Down stern foremost this was about 4 o clock in the morning I was on Deck at the time with nothing But my shirt on helpin the Saylors and it was Blowing and snowing I was almost froze to Death the ship righted and we got into N-y on the 29 of December that was a passage of 7 weeks I have a very happy New Year in N-Y I went to a Ball and I fell in with an ould Las of Mine ho was glead to see me and we mead a match of it in a few days I was married on the 6 of January there was no time for trifling the Leses in Scotland was all so sassy which I am well pleased at now I have got a kind loving and industries wife with hom I am well pleased her name is Rhoda Johnson she had a fine son the 1 of November and his name is Alexander my wife sends her kind love to all Our Friends in Scotland and if fortune favors me I will bring her hom

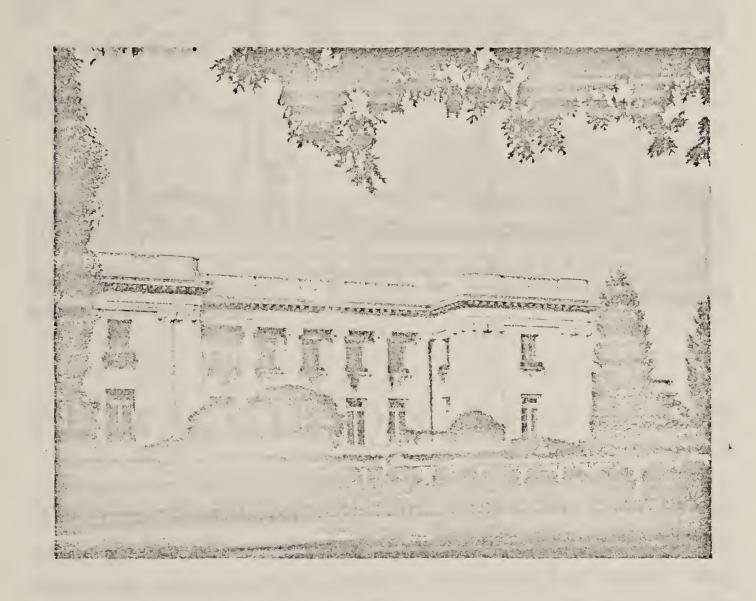
to see you I was glead to hear my Mother had another Brother to me But sorry to hear of Davids being a soulder however that may be well for him if he goes to the east indies as informs me in Johns leter that I received on the 24 of December wich I weared for very mutch I was glad to hear my Father was working at a press again I hop you have been well since I left you tell little Elizabeth that I will send her green silk frock if I could get any woman pasenger coming hom and my wife would send a gown to my Mother the first opertunity My Brother Sandy talked of coming to American when his turn was out I have mead strict enquires about the printing and it is a good Businis hear they can make from 10 to 12 and 14 Dolars pr week James Hall advises me to get him hear and I should like he was hear as my house would be a hom to him and that is a great Deal in this Country I would been glead to see a friend when I landed hear first however I leave it to you and him I know it would greve my Mother to let him come But you can give me all particulars when you wright me and let me know how you speand the New Year I have no other news worth menshioning we had a Chrisemas a hole ox roasted and the New Year the seam for novelty of it You are in Strath Blane I under stand by Johns leter give my respects to all enquring frinds —

is all from your

Loving and affectionat sone

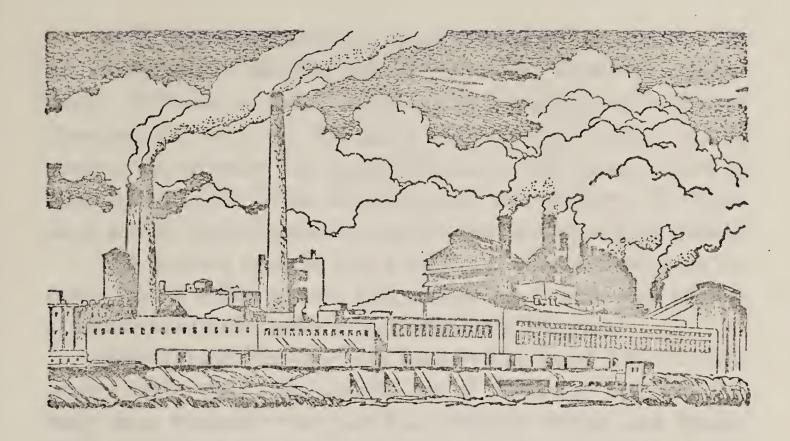
Peter Thomson

New York
Januarey the
1 — 1826
N.B. Wright me
as soon as you
receive this as I will
weary till hear from you



Laurel Court, the home of Peter G. Thomson on Belmont Avenue in College Hill





## PETER GIBSON THOMSON

THE MOST INTERESTING and thrilling story of life is that of Success,—the rise of an individual from small beginnings to wealth, honor and respect through integrity, vision and hard work. Such a life is that of Peter Gibson Thomson, who in the seventy nine years of an active and constructive career, created a monument to Success of which his descendants, and the community in which he lived, may well be proud.

Starting his business life as a clerk in the bookstore of the Robert Clark Company in Cincinnati in 1871, he died in 1931, sixty one years later, as the President and Organizer of one of the largest paper manufacturing companies in the world. He held the respect and confidence of his associates and business men throughout the country, and beyond, and a warm place in the hearts of his family, relatives and friends. His passing was sincerely mourned by his fellow associates in the business of which he was the head, down to the lowliest members of the organization.

In an individual sketch of Peter Thomson, however, we are more interested in the man himself than in the wealth he accumulated. We want to know something of his quality of mind and character, and what were his native abilities, which enabled him to conquer circumstance and opposition, and to win success where so many have failed. What were his tastes and interests, his recreations, and the kind of a man he was at home, and among his friends?

It is difficult to cover such a subject in a short sketch, but the reader who is interested may find enough in the following account of his life to form a picture of Peter Thomson, the man.

Peter Gibson Thomson was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on December 16th, 1851. He was the son of Alexander Thomson and Mary Ann Edwards, who had four children, Mollie and Rhoda, Peter and little Alexander, the latter dying as the result of an accident when only eighteen months old.

Peter's father had always been a robust man noted for his strength, and it must have been of considerable concern to him that Peter as a young boy was thin and delicate. Peter mentioned this in an address at the Cincinnati Gymnasium Athletic Association in 1912. In his own words: "I was nine years old, very thin and delicate, and as my mother often said, was just a bag of bones." His father was a member of the gymnasium conducted by Samuel Barrett, a professional boxer, located on Third St. east of Broadway, which later developed into the present Cincinnati Gymnasium Athletic Club, and Peter was enrolled as a member in 1860.

In the succeeding twenty five years, Peter attended the gymnasium religiously, developing from the slender boy of nine into the sturdy athlete who, in 1873, set the gymnasium record for weight lifting by lifting a dead weight of one thousand two hundred and sixty five pounds, "without harness". In the same year he won the prize for indian club swinging. It is particularly interesting to note that in this accomplishment, Peter demonstrated this early in life the quality of indefatiguable determination which was one of the reasons for his success in his later life.

Peter attended the Second Intermediate School on Ninth Street in Cincinnati, between Vine and Race Sts., in which he was an honor student, and there is a record (10-13-1868) of his purchase of a membership in the Bryant, Staford and Co. Business Colleges for \$50.00. This membership entitled him to "pursue a full course of instruction in Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmatic, Commercial Law, Practical Penmanship, Correspondence, and the Details of Business, and the review of the same at pleasure."

Alexander Thomson, Peter's father, died in 1864, having been bed-ridden for a number of years with rheumatic fever, and Peter's grandfather a year later, leaving young Peter the only man in the family. His school days were over. He felt the responsibility of the bread winner of the family and thus, at the early age of four-teen, assumed the stature of a man.

It was during this period that he enrolled in the Bryant-Stratford school and, although there is no further record of his attendance and progress in that college, he must have gained some of his knowledge of business methods from some such source, to enable him to start his own business so shortly afterwards.

His first 'job' of which we have record was with Robert Clark, who operated a book store in Cincinnati. His position was that of shipping clerk, spending his time in unpacking books and making shipments. This was in 1871, when he was twenty one years old. During the six years that followed, he gained an insight and understanding of all the phases of the book business, and also considerable knowledge of books and their value. He knew the markets, the types of books which were in demand, and which classes were most profitable.

He was particularly interested in historical records of the early settlement of the Ohio Valley, and he felt the need of some record which would direct the student to the original sources of information. So he conceived the idea of compiling a bibliography of the State of Ohio, a catalog with annotations of all the extant records, pamphlets and books relating to the State of Ohio. The infinite

detail, research and hard work of compiling such a book covered a period of ten years, and it was not published until 1880, at which time he was no longer an employe of the Robert Clark Co., but was operating his own book store at 179 Vine St., on the corner of Vine and Arcade, in Cincinnati. The book received the highest commendation and praise from historical societies, librarians, and research students throughout the country, but was not a moneymaker, since the especial demand was naturally limited.

But here again we find material for the study of Peter Thomson, the man. The completion of such a book entailed a stupendous amount of study and research covering a period of years, but having undertaken such a job, Peter Thomson's determination and diligence carried it through to completion, and his thoroughness is evidenced by the fact that it received unstinted approval from all sources. It must be remembered also that the study of the history of those early times, and the lives of the sterling characters whose deeds make history, is a liberal education in itself. One cannot enter into such a study without imbibing some of the same qualities himself.

In 1877, Peter Thomson borrowed money and opened his own bookstore and publishing business at Vine and Arcade Sts. in Cincinnati. It did a fair business, but Peter soon found that it did not require his full energies to operate it, and he doubtless felt that the book business was not the best money-making venture in the world. He may have already developed his "Principles of Success", the simple creed which he mentioned to Forrest Davis at an interview in 1916. His success maxims were as follows:

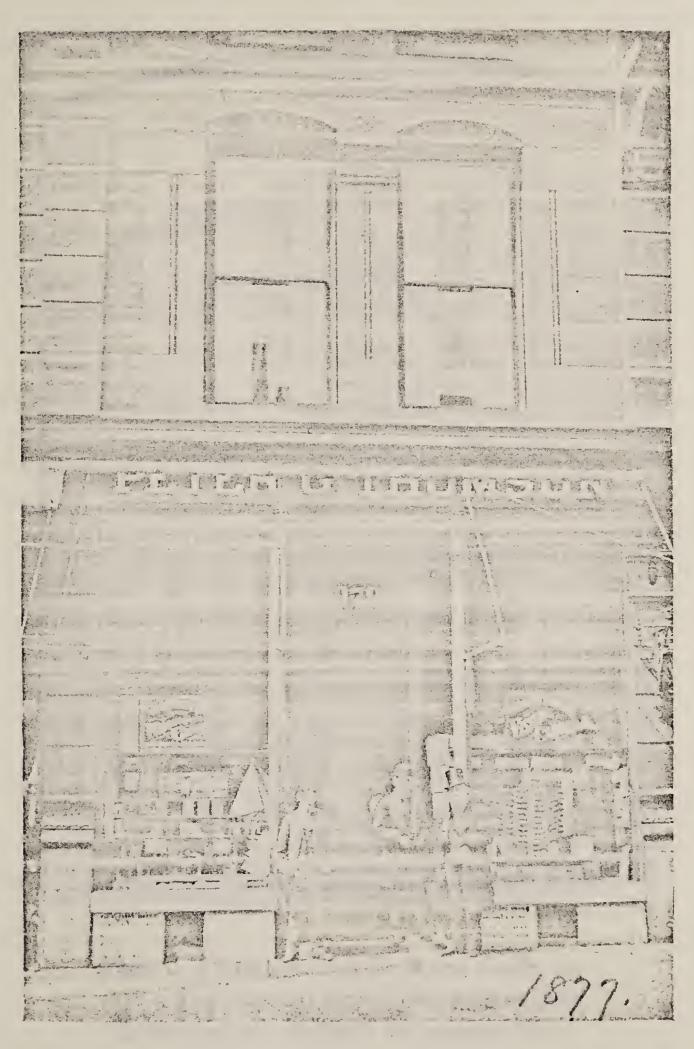
"Establish a good credit and then use it as much as you can.

Keep constantly plugging.

There is no luck connected with success, nor any secret. The surest way is to work hard."

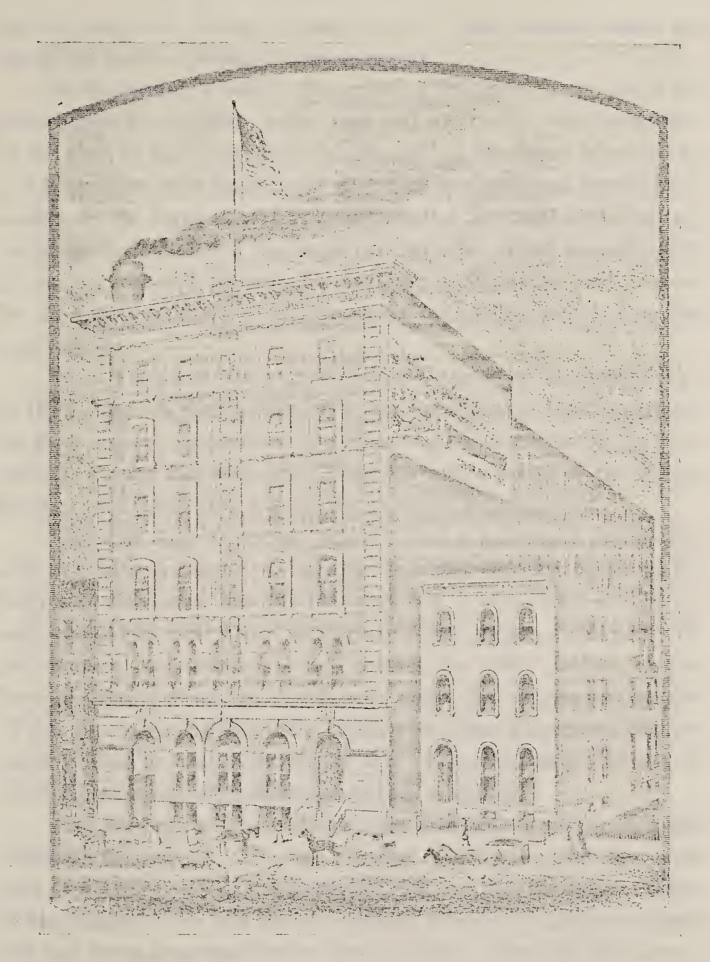
Peter was already making friends among his business acquaintances, men with faith in his vision and judgment, and conviction of





Peter Thomson's book store, 179 Vine Street in Cincinnati, photographed in 1877. Mr. Thomson is wearing a Derby hat. The man in the silk hat is Judge A. G. W. Carter.





Peter G. Thomson's Toy Book and Game Factory at 258-260 Race Street, Cincinnati in 1884.

It was opposite Shillito's Department Store.



his integrity and "ability to work hard". Their money would be safe in his hands. So he decided to expand.

At that time, (1882), the printing and sale to the trade of cloth books for children, paper toys and valentines, was controlled by the firm of McLaughlin and Company, of Brooklyn, New York, and Peter felt that a business of that kind in Cincinnati would be a success, as the demand was greater than the McLaughlin Company could meet. So, after a thorough investigation of the requirements for such a business, he leased a building at Baymiller and Everett Sts. in Cincinnati, put in the necessary equipment and began the new venture.

Peter Thomson had married Laura Gamble of Louisville, Ky., in 1875, (see "A Visit to Paisley"), and considerable light is thrown on their mutual cooperation and interest in the success of his new business by the fact that Mrs. Thomson wrote many of the verses for the comic valentines and toy books which Peter printed.

The Toy and Valentine business had a successful beginning, and the sales increased so rapidly that the wealthy McLaughlin Company discovered the fact that they had a competitor in Cincinnati who might well prove dangerous. They began a campaign of price-cutting and coercion tactics among the retail dealers, in the hope of driving Peter out of business, and it was during the height of this campaign, on Oct. Sth, 1884, that Peter Thomson's factory on Baymiller St. was destroyed by fire. Peter estimated his loss at \$75,000, with insurance coverage of only \$55,000.

And here again we see the courage and tireless energy of Peter Thomson in action. The fire occured in October and the high peak of his business was at Christmas, only two months away. Many of his holiday orders had been completed, waiting for shipping dates, and had been destroyed in the fire. It was a time for discouragement and despair. But not for Peter.

He collected his insurance, and sold his book store at 179 Vine St. to Woodruff, Beard & Company. With these funds, and such of his old equipment and dies as he could salvage, he re-opened his

toy business at 258-260 Race St., a six story building leased from the Russel-Morgan Co., across from Shillito's Department store. On December first the new factory was ready for business, and he did not lose a single holiday order.

But the competition that was still carried on by the McLaughlin Co. was a serious handicap to normal growth of the toy business. They were much larger and richer than he, and could carry on a price-cutting campaign indefinitely. So Peter made up his mind to get out of the business if he could do so without loss.

The story of how he sold his toy business gives an example of his keen sense of values and understanding of human nature, qualities which were to be demonstrated many times in his future business career. The short account of this transaction, which appeared in the Cincinnati Times Star in 1887, is worthy of repetition.

He knew that, in spite of the fact that his business was small compared to the McLaughlin interests, he was nevertheless a thorn in the flesh to his wealthy competitor, and that they would welcome the chance to remove that thorn. But if they suspected that he was ready to quit, they would double their efforts to force him out of business.

So Peter Thomson made a trip to Brooklyn and called at the offices of McLaughlin and Company. He was conducted to the private office of the head of the firm and, according to the Times Star report, the following conversation ensued:

"I want to buy this establishment," said Peter, after a few preliminary words.

"But this establishment is not for sale," he was told.

"But there must be some figure at which you will sell," Peter insisted. "Some figure up in the millions."

"No, there isn't. We are not in the selling out business. We are buying out, we are. We will buy you out."

"But I don't want to sell," said Mr. Thomson.

"You must have some price, up in the thousands," said Mc-

Laughlin, paraphrasing Mr. Thomson's remark of a few moments before.

"Yes, I confess I have a price," yielded Mr. Thomson, apparently with great reluctance.

"Name it," demanded the head of the firm.

"Not less than One Hundred Thousand."

"We'll take it," came back instantly from the McLaughlin, "provided you guarantee never to reengage in this kind of business."

Mr. Thomson agreed.

Having freed himself from a competitive business in which he was the under dog, Peter Thomson was able to look around for a new opportunity to invest his money and energies, and he took his time. In addition to his innate ability to conduct a successful business, he possessed that rarer quality of vision which could picture a coveted goal, and build toward that end, step by step, willing to forego present profit for later successs. And for the first time he was free to make such a choice.

In 1885 he had moved his family to College Hill, a suburb of Cincinnati, where he was to live until his death in 1931. In 1904, his home on Belmont Avenue was torn down and the construction of Laurel Court on the same site was begun. It was only a short distance from College Hill to the city of Hamilton, Ohio, and Peter's search for a site for his next venture naturally led him to an investigation of the prospects in that city.

Hamilton lies on the Big Miami River, with natural facilities for manufacturing industries, and at that time the town was concentrated largely on the east shore of the river. The west shore was an ideal location for suburban development and expansion, and Peter decided to move in. He purchased the 200 acre Rhea farm and in 1891 organized the Prospect Hill and Grandview Syndicate, to develop the west shore. He and his associates mapped out a subdivision, engineered a bridge across the river at Black St. and began development.

The business depression of 1892 slowed up the sale of home

sites, and Peter Thomson decided that they needed new industries across the river to create a solid demand for homes. And he wanted that industry financed by local capital, to make for permanence and an asset to the city of Hamilton.

Peter Thomson's early experience in the book and printing business had left him with a keen interest in the changes and developments in that field, and in the materials which were necessary for the production of books. The development of the halftone to replace zinc etchings and wood engravings made it possible to use high grade coated paper instead of uncoated in the printing of catalogues, booklets and magazines, and Peter was one of the first to recognize that this would create an enormous demand for coated paper.

The production of coated paper was largely a monopoly of the Champion Card and Paper Co. of Pepperill, Mass., who owned certain vital patents covering the manufacture of coating machines that coated both sides of the sheet at one time. If some arrangement could be made with them for the use of their patents, such a business in Hamilton would be exactly what was needed. So Peter made a trip to Pepperill.

The result of his visit to the Champion Card and Paper Co. was the incorporation of the Champion Coated Paper Co. of Hamilton, Ohio, with capital stock of \$100,000.00, fifty percent of this stock going to the Champion Card and Paper Co. in payment for the perpetual right to use their patents on the coating machines. The new corporation was to act as the Western Branch of the Champion Card and Paper Co., and their sales were to be restricted for five years to the territory west of Pittsburgh. This was in the fall of 1893. And on May 1st, 1894, the Hamilton mill was completed and placed in operation.

It is interesting to note that ten months later, in March of 1895, the Champion Coated Paper Co. of Hamilton bought out the interest of the Champion Card and Paper Company in the stock of the Hamilton Corporation for \$50,000.00. The Champion Coated

Paper Company thus came into the undivided control of its incorporators, and began its march to success.

The phenomenal growth of this corporation, from a small beginning to one of the largest paper manufacturing businesses in the world, was due largely to the leadership of Peter G. Thomson. It became his life work, in which he exemplified those same qualities of vision, integrity, and the ability to work hard, which had governed his early life.

But Peter was much more than just a successful genius of the world of industry. He was interested in the betterment of the community in which he lived, in civic affairs, and the welfare and social life of his factory employees. And he demonstrated this in many ways.

The Thomsons were Episcopalians, but when Peter and his family moved out to College Hill, they became members of the College Hill Presbyterian Church. The Thomson family attended the service regularly, joined in all the church activities, and became leaders in the church social affairs. Among the many thoughtful and generous gestures which Peter made to help the affairs of the church and congregation was the presentation to the church of a new electric organ in 1914, as a memorial to his wife, Laura Gamble Thomson, who had passed away on January 21st in 1913.

Peter Thomson was a modest man, in spite of his affluence and achievements. But he was proud of his home, his family, his business, his membership in the Cincinnati Commercial Club, and his gymnastic record. He felt that wealth carried with it a stewardship, and a responsibility toward the community and to the people who had shared in the work through which the wealth was created.

Nothing was too good for his children and their families. His sons, and his daughters' husbands, were taken into the business, and he built Laurel Court on the site of his first home in College Hill as a family estate, not realizing, perhaps, that the old days of the ancestral home had been superseded by the modern way of living. With the whole world open to quick and easy travel and hourly

communication, and entertainment spreading to civic centers and vacational resorts, the social life of America is no longer concentrated entirely in the home.

Laurel Court was the home of Peter Thomson up to the time of his death, and although no longer in the possession of the Thomson family, it remains a monument to Peter's love for his family, and is recognized as one of the most beautiful palatial residences in America.

Peter G. Thomson was a director of several Cincinnati banks, including the First National and the Merchants National, a life member of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, and was associated with many organizations for the benefit and development of the communities in which he lived. Among the other more personal honors which he enjoyed, which illustrate the wide interest he always maintained in cultural and educational activities in all phases of life, the following should be mentioned:

Honorary Life Member of the Cincinnati Gymnasium Athletic Club, of which he was Vice President in 1923;

Trustee of the Cincinnati Museum Association;

Honorary Member of the Luther Burbank Society;

Life Member of the Ohio Humane Society;

Member of the Board of Stockholders of the College of Music;

Honorary Member of the Granville, Ohio, Historical Society;

Life Member of the Ohio State Archeological and Historical Society.

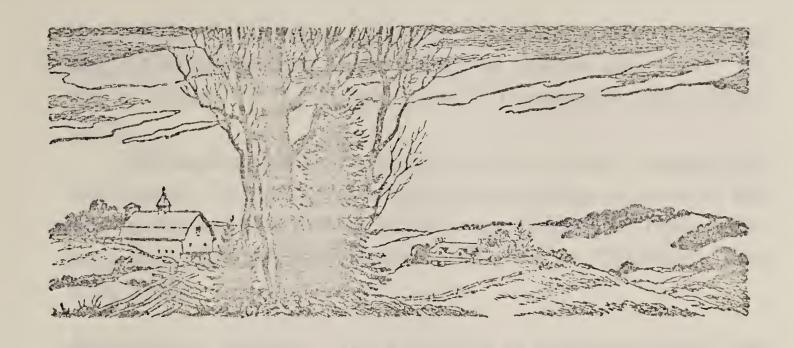
Peter G. Thomson and Laura Gamble Thomson were the parents of six children, Rose G. Thomson, (who died in infancy), Peter G. Thomson, Jr., Alexander Thomson, Mary Bell Thomson, (Mrs. Walter Randall), Hope Lindenberger Thomson, (Mrs. Reuben B. Robertson), and Logan Gamble Thomson. Laura Gamble Thomson died in 1913, and seven years later, in 1920, Peter married again. His second wife was Mrs. Kate Prather Wooly, the widow of Edgar M. Wooly, and a lifelong friend of the family. It proved a very happy marriage, but no children were born to them,

so that the only direct descendants of Peter G. Thomson were the children of his first marriage.

On July 10th, 1931, Peter G. Thomson died at Christ Hospital in Cincinnati, of a heart attack while recovering from an illness of several weeks. His death was unexpected, as he was planning to return home the following week, and there had been no indications of heart trouble. It was a great shock to his family and friends, and a great loss to the civic communities in which he was active.

He founded an industrial empire which lives after him and will continue to grow, so long as it it continues to practice the same principles and motives of honesty, fairness and kindness which were the inherent qualities of its founder. In the hearts of his family and friends he left the memory of a loving husband and father and a sincere thoughtful friend, a modest unselfish man, whose pride was not in himself but in the things he had won from life, his family, his business, and the place in the hearts of those who were dear to him.

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## ALEXANDER THOMSON

ALEXANDER THOMSON WAS BORN in Cincinnati, Ohio, on November 24, 1879, on Broadway between Third and Fourth Streets. His parents moved to College Hill when Alexander Thomson was about five years old, and he there attended public grade schools and the Ohio Military Institute, graduating from the latter in 1896.

He commenced working at The Champion Coated Paper Company in 1896. His first job was with Mr. William (Bill) Clark studying casein problems, at a wage of \$6.00 per week, of which he gave \$3.00 per week to his mother for board and room. His mother reported that the first money he made was \$42.00, made when he was twelve years old, from collecting garbage and raising pigs.

He worked at Champion forty two years in various positions—finally as Chairman of the Board. He was interested in civic and national affairs, at various times occupying the following positions: Vice President of the Hamilton Y. M. C. A.; solicitor for many Community Chest drives; Elder in the Presbyterian Church; President of Hamilton, Ohio and Ohio Chambers of Commerce and National Director of the Chamber of Commerce; Director of the National Association of Manufacturers; Vice President of the Christ



Hospital Board, Cincinnati, Ohio; Boy Scout Commander of College Hill, Ohio; Councilman of the Village of College Hill, Ohio. He was a member of the Commonwealth, Commercial and Literary Clubs.

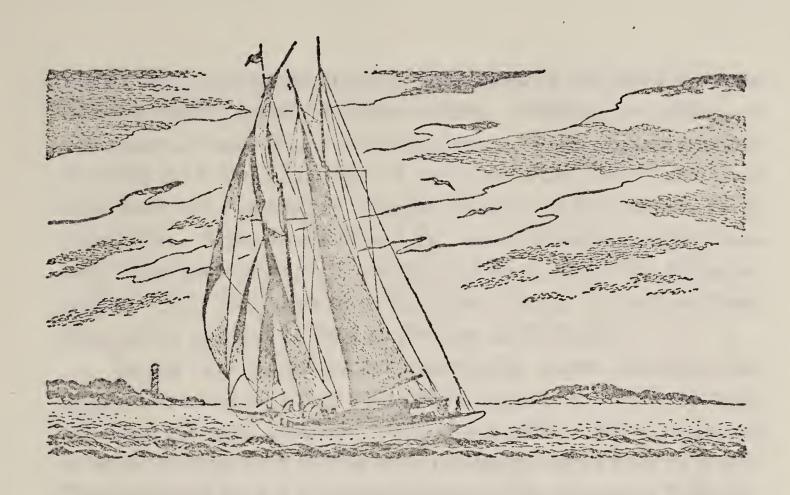
Thoroughout his life he was interested in forestry, farming, soil conservation, the social and economic development of farmers, and later in life was able to exercise these interests at Old Timbers, his farm near New Marion, Indiana. He died in Cincinnati, June 25th, 1939.

ALEXANDER THOMSON, JR., WAS BORN in Cincinnati, Ohio, June 23, 1908. He received his elementary schooling at the Clifton open-air school, and finished secondary school at the Asheville School, North Carolina.

He commenced work at The Champion Coated Paper Company in the Hamilton Research Department, September 30, 1929, followed by assignments to the Advertising Department and the Cincinnati and Cleveland Sales Offices. On December 1, 1937 he was made Advertising Manager, on June 30, 1939 a Director of The Champion Paper and Fibre Company, and on October 30, 1939 a Vice President of that Corporation.

He was active in public affairs and, among others, occupied the following positions: President, The Cincinnati Association of Industrial Marketers; Vice President The Cincinnati Advertising Club; Solicitor for many years and in 1940, Chairman, The Hamilton-Community Chest Drive; General Chairman, The Hamilton-Butler County Sesqui-Centennial Celebration; an officer or director of the Boy Scouts, Y. M. C. A. and Welfare Associations, all of Hamilton, Ohio.

He was active in the Hamilton Civilian Defense organization and served as an officer of the American Red Cross during World War II. He died in Cincinnati June 19, 1944 from complications following an attack of sand fly fever contracted while serving with the Red Cross in North Africa.



#### LOGAN THOMSON

At the time of logan thomson's death, in 1946, the Hamilton Journal and Daily News stated that: "The death of Mr. Thomson removes from the world scene a citizen esteemed not only in his home community for his many accomplishments, but also throughout the nation in whose every corner he was known. He was a giant in the paper making business, a splendid citizen, and a genuine family man."

Logan Thomson was born December 2, 1884. He was the third son of Peter G. Thomson, the founder of the Champion Paper and Fibre Company, and his active business career was centered in the paper industry. His father believed that his sons should enter the business, and his sons believed likewise. So Logan was reared in "the craft".

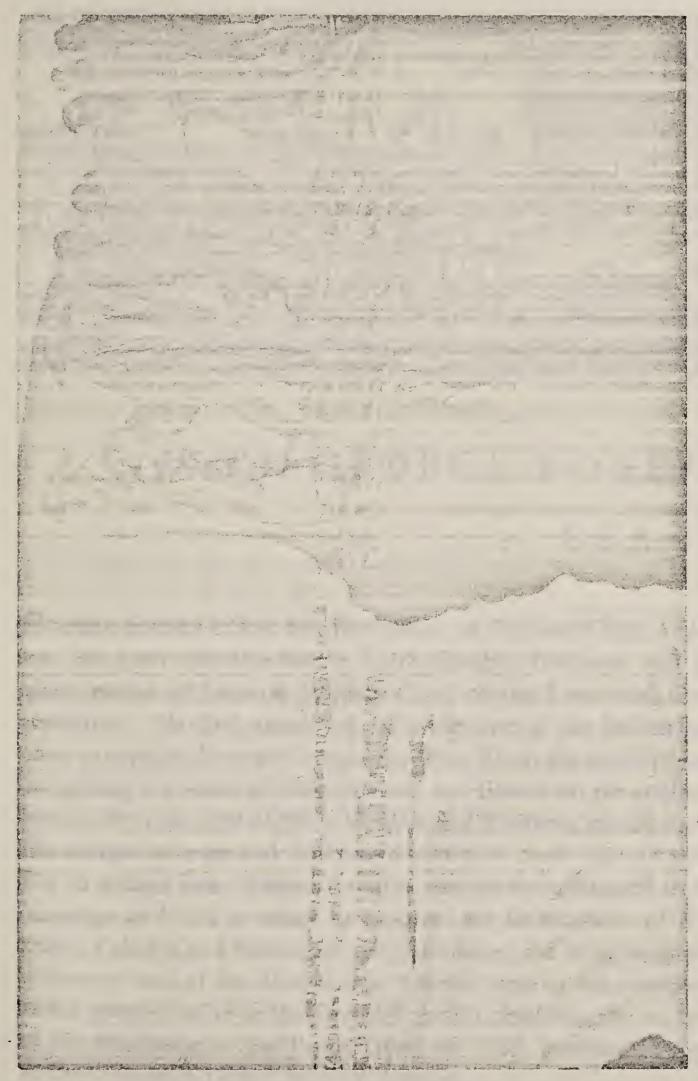
He began his business education as a roll boy on a paper machine in 1902, when he was eighteen years of age. During the remainder of his life, except for some years at college and the First

World War, he worked in every department of the paper business, learning every process of paper making, including the sources of raw materials and the sale and distribution of the finished product. In 1909 he became manager of the New York office, and three years later, the Assistant Production Manager of the plant in Hamilton, Ohio. After World War I, he became a director of the Company, then Secretary and Treasurer, and later, First Vice President. And in 1935, four years after his father's death, he became President, which position he held at the time of his death.

In the civic affairs of his community, Logan Thomson was deeply interested in every worthwhile project and ready to assist whenever the need appeared. He did not seek publicity, preferring to be the driving force behind some campaign, rather than its leader. Thus, although he was an active member of the Hamilton Y.M.C.A., for thirty three consecutive years, he always remained in the background and declined official position. The campaign for a head-quarters building for the Hamilton branch of the American Legion was one of the few ventures in which he accepted a leading part as co-chairman of the drive with Lucian Kahn in 1944. It was so successful that, in appreciation, the Legion presented him with a life membership in the organization.

Mr. Thomson spent his leisure in outdoor recreation, largely in the field of water sports and yachting. As a young man, he had played baseball on the company team, of which he was a popular member, but later, the thrill and excitement of yachting on the inland lakes captured his imagination, and he took the sport up seriously. In this field he was well known as a competent yachtsman and a cordial and generous host. He belonged to the Chicago Yacht Club, the Belvedere Club of Charlevoix, Michigan, and others.

Among the other civic and recreational organizations which claimed him as a member were the Queen City Club, The Cincinnati Country Club, the Camargo Club, all of Cincinnati, and the Tavern Club of Chicago. He was a valued member of the College Hill Presbyterian Church.



Dalles Indians show Lewis and Clark a way through the white waters of the Columbia River, October, 1805





# General GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

George Rogers Clark was the brother of Elizabeth Clark Anderson, the great grandmother of Laura Gamble Thomson, and the older brother of General William Clark of the Lewis and Clark expedition. He died unmarried. He was one of the earliest pioneers to explore the great basin of the Ohio River, the territory now comprising the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois on the northern bank of the river, and of West Virginia and Kentucky on the south. His intrepid courage and determined efforts to open this vast territory to settlers from Virginia and the east coast, culminated in his campaign of 1778, in which he captured the British posts of Kaskaskia, Cahokia and Vincennes, the latter being the most important settlement west of the Alleghenies. Clark's victories are considered of the greatest value to the United States in obtaining the territory of the Northwest in the Peace Treaty of 1783, between England and the new-born United States of America.

A TABLE

Commissioned by Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, in 1778, Clark enlisted a company of volunteer militia for a campaign against the British Posts in the Ohio basin. Marshalling his small force of pioneers and Indian scouts at a stockade and fort at the falls of the Ohio, now Louisville, he captured the British garrison at Kaskaskia on the Mississippi, across the river from the Spanish settlement of Saint Louis. He then sent a force up the river to Cahokia, which surrendered without a battle, the French settlers forcing the British garrison to capitulate to the Americans.

The campaign was not yet over, for the French settlement of Vincennes, the largest settlement at that time in the Ohio Valley, was held by a British garrison who occupied the fort and controlled the trade and activities of the settlers, forcing them to send their furs and secure their supplies to and from Ft. Dearborn in the north.

The story of Clark's capture of Vincennes is an epic of courage, endurance and leadership. It was wintertime and the Wabash and its tributaries were flooded. His men were forced to swim the flooded streams, or wade through water which swirled about their waists, and to shiver around cheerless wet wood campfires at night. His men had received no pay, and the campaign had already brought them into the winter. Many were disaffected and wanted to return home, to their warm log cabins, smoked meats, and their womenfolk. Clark paid them in vouchers against his own personal property, but many of them refused to remain. Their powder was wet, and there were constant threats and rumors of Indian uprisings to keep them awake at night as they huddled and shivered around the smoking logs of their meager camp fires.

In spite of these hardships, Clark's depleted force reached the banks of the Wabash across from Vincennes and went into camp for the night. Indian scouts had warned the British of the approach of the Americans, and of the small size of Clark's force. It was impossible for them to conceive that such an insignificant number of Americans would dare attempt to cross the flooded river and attack the fort. The British outnumbered them three to one, and

they laughed at the idea, safe behind the sturdy logs of the fort. But Clark and his men had reached their destination, endured and suffered through endless hardships and privations, and George Rogers was not the man to quit. He would not think of failure, and his magnetic eloquence persuaded his men that food and warmth and good cheer awaited them behind the walls of the fort when they attacked in the morning.

So the men dried their powder before the smoking fires, and before the sun dawned in the morning, they found a passage across the river, swimming and wading up to their necks, and when the sun came up they launched a surprise attack.

The British commander, believing that his Indian scouts had lied, and that reinforcements must be following in the wake of Clark's small force, was filled with panic. He knew Clark's reputation. So after a short siege, during which Clark offered him terms, the British surrendered. The fort was evacuated and the British garrison allowed to return to their headquarters at Fort Dearborn. The French settlers welcomed the Americans and Clark and his men had finally accomplished the purpose for which the expedition had been organized. Never again was this section of the country occupied by the British, and it was definitely ceded to the United States in the treaty of 1783.



### GENERAL WILLIAM CLARK, 1770-1838 The Lewis and Clark Expedition

WILLIAM CLARK was the youngest brother of George Rogers Clark, and of Elizabeth Clark, the great grandmother of Laura Gamble Thomson.

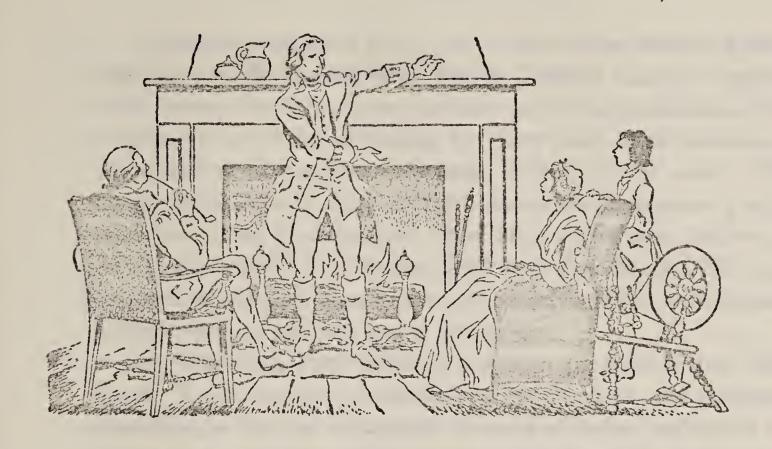
When Meriwether Lewis was commissioned by President Jef-

ferson to explore and claim for the United States the great north-west territory stretching from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, he chose his friend and brother in arms, William Clark, as co-commander, with himself, of the expedition. Clark had served during the Revolution under "Mad Anthony Wayne", and was an experienced Indian fighter, pioneer and scout, with the same qualities of leadership that had served his brother, George Rogers, in earlier years.

On the eve of departure from St. Louis, Lewis told Clark: "Captain Clark, if you had not agreed to share with me the first command of this expedition, I could not have consented to accept from the President the undertaking of a journey to the Pacific."

The story of their journey across the continent, following the winding course of the Missouri River to its headwaters in the Bitter Root Mountains, through the Lolo Pass and down the Lolo River to the Snake, and down again to the junction of the Snake with the Columbia, and down the latter to the sea.—this is the story of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, a tale of courage and determination and hardships endured, of winters among the Indians whose friendship Clark and Lewis won, without which the successful journey never could have been made. They were three years in making the journey to the mouth of the Columbia and return, and their friends back east had almost given them up. But they brought back invaluable information, and won this vast territory for the United States, in spite of the claims and ambitions of other nations.

Meriwether Lewis died in 1809 while Governor of Louisiana Territory, believed to have been murdered in a settler's cabin in Tennessee, while on a trip east. But William Clark lived to become Governor of Missouri in 1813 to 1820, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs from 1822 until his death in 1838.



### Great grandmother

#### ELIZABETH

ELIZABETH CLARK, the great grandmother of Laura Gamble, lived during a period in the development of our nation which is without doubt the most momentous and vital of all the eras of American history. During those eventful years the melting pot that was slowly brewing a mixture of races, nationalities, ideology and culture into an inseparable fusion, reached the boiling point. And in the conflagration which followed, the last remnant of allegiance and duty to a foreign power was consumed, leaving people welded together as a single nation by that undefinable, unpredictable spirit which we call "Americanism". The elements which make its strength were crystalized in the deeds of those early pioneers, explorers and settlers, in the courage and clear thinking of the statesmen who translated the peoples' will into a constitution which has survived to make the United States the greatest nation in the world.

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#### DILIE A SELET

Elizabeth was born Feb. 11th, 1768, on her father's plantation, close to the Spottsylvania line in Caroline County, Virginia; about twenty five miles from tidewater on the Rappahannock. The progressive city of Fredericksburg lay thirty miles to the northward, while Richmond was about the same distance to the south. Her father was not one of the great land owners whose immense plantations were tilled by indentured white labor and slaves, but was of the "gentry" who did not disdain work with their hands. His crops consisted of tobacco, corn and other produce, which he cultivated with the help of his sons and a few slaves.

In those days, Fredericksburg was more progressive than Richmond. It was the first to abolish wooden chimneys. Its taxpayers, grumbling at the cost, recognized the need of laying timbers on the streets as a pavement, when wagons became mired in the mud. Shops and business houses lined the streets, with more than one tavern where the young gentlemen could meet and discuss politics or the more important topic of horses and the approaching fox hunt, over mulled ale and clay pipes of Virginia tobacco. And above the shops were the "shingles" of lawyers and surveyors.

At the docks on the river, ships were loaded with tobacco for shipment to England and foreign ports, and ships arrived from England bringing the manufactured goods which were so vital to the needs of the community. Fall was the busy season for the store-keepers. Then the farmers paid their bills and sold their crops, purchasing goods to replenish their stocks of staples. And the ladies thrilled over the frocks and furbelows that had just arrived on a ship from England, hoping their menfolk could afford to purchase.

The Clark farm was some thirty miles from Fredericksburg, and the ladies did not get to town very often. No doubt there was plenty of work for the mother and her daughters in providing for her menfolk. For Elizabeth had five older brothers, not including William, who was two years her junior. They lived in a six room house, having five fireplaces grouped about a central chimney. And

there was a tobacco curing barn and cabins for the few negro slaves. There was indeed plenty to keep the ladies at home.

The Clarks had come from Albemarles County, Virginia, where John, the father of Elizabeth, had been given a small farm as a marriage portion by his father, when he married his second cousin, Ann Rogers. It consisted of four hundred acres on the Rivanna River in the shadow of the Blue Ridge, on which his father had taken out a patent. Here the young couple began their lives together in 1749. And here their eldest son, Jonathan, was born, in 1750, and George Rogers two years later. Ann, the eldest daughter followed in 1755, and John in 1757.

It was at about this time that John Clark inherited a much better plantation, close to the Spottsylvania line in Caroline County, Virginia, about 25 miles from tidewater on the Rappahannock, and decided to take possession. So in the spring of 1758, he moved his family and possessions to the new location, where he was to remain until 1783, when he was persuaded by his heroic son, now General George Rogers Clark, to locate a new home at Mulberry Hill, near the falls of the Ohio, (now Louisville).

The Caroline County plantation was the home of the Clarks during all the strenuous period of the Revolution and the struggle with savages and British in the settlement of the Ohio valley. It was home to George Rogers Clark upon his return from his pioneer adventures and miraculous achievements in the wilderness. It was home to his brothers and sisters who listened with awe and bated breath to the wonders he had to relate. And little William, still a child, listened to his hero brother, and dreamed of the wonders he would do when "he was big like George."

John and Ann had ten children, and it seems to have been a close-knit family. There is no record of any friction or strife among its members, even when the sons and daughters grew up and married. To quote from Frederick Palmer in his "Clark of the Ohio" (page 443):

"On Mulberry Hill, looking out over the river and the town

STATE STATE OF THE  George had founded, John and Ann were building a new homestead in an estate of many virgin acres. Around them, in Scotch clan fashion, were the sons and the in-laws who, with the help of their negroes, were lumbering and plowing and setting up a grist mill."

But to go back to the life at the plantation in Caroline County, where Elizabeth was growing up while her hero brother was away making history. We can imagine their lives from what we read of those colonial days. There was work in the fields and dairies, and sewing and housework; and evenings around the wood logs in the fireplace when some neighbor or friend dropped in to discuss the latest imposition on the colonies by his Majesty King George, or perhaps the latest word from George Rogers and the settlers on the Ohio. There were dances at neighboring plantations, hunting meets to attend, and shopping trips to Fredericksburg and Richmond. The younger children had their own smaller interests, and no doubt were sent to bed before their elders grew too reminiscent.

But when George Rogers came home on a visit, the candles burned late in the Clark household. George Rogers, the adventurer, pioneer and enthusiast, tall, red haired, and wilful, would hold the whole family wrapped in breathless interest, as he told of the wonders of the country beyond the mountains, of the wonderful rivers and fertile valleys, and the opportunities for acquiring as many rich acres as they could cultivate just by the taking. And later, over a bowl of punch after the younger children had gone to bed, he would tell them of the Indians and the struggle of the settlers against them, the incitement of the Indians against the settlers by the British, who wanted to drive the colonists back over the mountains. He told them of the French at Vincennes, Kaskaskia, and Cahokia, all under British jurisdiction, and of the Spanish city of St. Louis.

Even his father felt the spell of George Rogers' enthusiasm, and his mother Ann may have found in her own nature a kindred spark of the fire of adventure, for that part of his nature was a re-

flection of her own. And little Elizabeth and still younger William must have listened to his stories of hazardous adventures as children of today listen to legends and fairy stories. Unable to visualize the hardships and dangers that accompanied George's exploits, they thrilled at his adventures, and dreamed.

Elizabeth was two years older than her brother William, and she was to die before the Lewis and Clark expedition was conceived, but she and William must have played games together, pretend games in which William played the role of his brother George, the Indian fighter, and hero of the wilderness. Who shall say that she did not help to nourish the spirit of the explorer, which was later to find an outlet in the great adventure of General William Clark and Meriwether Lewis in the exploration of the Great Northwest?

Women are given little place in the historical record of those vital years, but their intrepid courage and sacrifice, their acts of heroism and faith, entitle them to an equal or higher place among those who played a part in the winning of the War of Independence and the settlement of the frontiers. The gallant men who won for us the freedom and wealth and culture which we possess today, gained much of their invincible strength to conquer from their mothers, sisters and wives, and the steadfast spirit of their womenfolk.

The story of George Rogers Clark and the struggle of the early settlers of the Ohio valley for liberty and survival against the British and their savage allies, the Indians, is like an epic from The Cid. It is told in detail in such fascinating volumes as "Clark of the Ohio, A Life of George Rogers Clark" by Frederick Palmer, (Dodd, Mead & Company, 1929). Patrick Henry, the Governor of the Colony of Virginia, had commissioned him to conquer the country of the Ohio basin from the lakes on the north to the Mississippi on the west. During the revolution, when this vast territory was in danger of falling permanently into the hands of the British, the victories of George Rogers Clark, serving as a Brigadier General of Virginia Militia, are considered of the most inestimable value in obtaining it

for the United States in the peace treaty in Paris in 1782.

George Rogers was not the only son of John and Ann Rogers Clark who served his country during the War of Independence, but he was always the hero of the family. His was the adventurous spirit, the contagious enthusiasm and the miracle of accomplishment which appealed to the imagination. But a list of the military titles of the other boys reads like an army roster. General Jonathan Clark, Captain John Clark, Lieutenant Richard Clark, and Captain Edmund Clark, to say nothing of the youngest, General William Clark, who was to conquer the Northwest.

Elizabeth grew up in an atmosphere alive with the independent spirit of the times. Her brothers were doers as well as dreamers, leaders in the fight for freedom and self preservation, and the problems that faced the patriots of those times were common topics of conversation around the family board. She and her mother and sisters were doubtless better informed regarding the issues involved than the average ladies of our day in the causes and ramifications of the second World War.

She was a young lady of sixteen when the family moved to Kentucky and her father built his new home on Mulberry Hill. Her mother, Ann Rogers, had married John Clark at the age of fifteen, so we have the right to believe that her daughter Elizabeth was now full grown and taking interest in the social life of the new community. George Rogers, who was shortly to retire from public life, had built himself a house, a little log cabin on a hill across from Louisville, in sight of the falls of the Ohio, where he was to live until his death in 1818. Across the river at Mulberry Hill was his father's plantation and the homes of his brothers and sisters, so that he spent much time at his father's board. And he had many friends among the pioneers and settlers who came to prize the hospitality of the Clarks of Mulberry Hill.

One of these was Colonel Richard Clough Anderson, who had come west to settle, and had located a homestead on the headwaters of Bear Grass Creek. He had been selected by the Society of the

Cincinnatus to survey the allotments of land granted by the Colony of Virginia to officers and men of the army in lieu of pay. His work brought him naturally in touch with George Rogers and the Clark family.

Colonel Anderson had been a brilliant soldier on the eastern front under Washington, a veteran of Valley Forge and a special Aide de Camp to General LaFayette. He was a Virginian, the son of Robert Anderson of Gold Mine Plantation in Hanover County, and a gentleman of vision and education. He was keenly interested in the development of navigation on the Ohio and the opening up of the Ohio valley to foreign trade by building ships to carry goods to ports abroad. This was also a vision of George Rogers, so that they must have had much in common, and Colonel Anderson must have been a welcome visitor at Mulberry Hill.

To Elizabeth, the sister of so many brothers of distinction in the service of their country, Colonel Anderson's brilliant record in the army must have had a strong appeal. And they met often at Mulberry Hill and at dances and social gatherings in the neighborhood. They became interested in each other, and the family approving, a match was made.

So, in 1787, Elizabeth and Richard Anderson were married, and Richard brought her to his cabin on Bear Grass Creek, the cabin he had christened "Soldier's Retreat". We have no reason to doubt that their life together was a happy one. Richard owned a number of slaves and the work of running the farm was not too strenuous. There were doubtless visits to the Clarks at Mulberry Hill, and social gatherings among the neighbors. Richard was talking of rebuilding his house of stone, to make a real homestead for his family. For the family had grown.

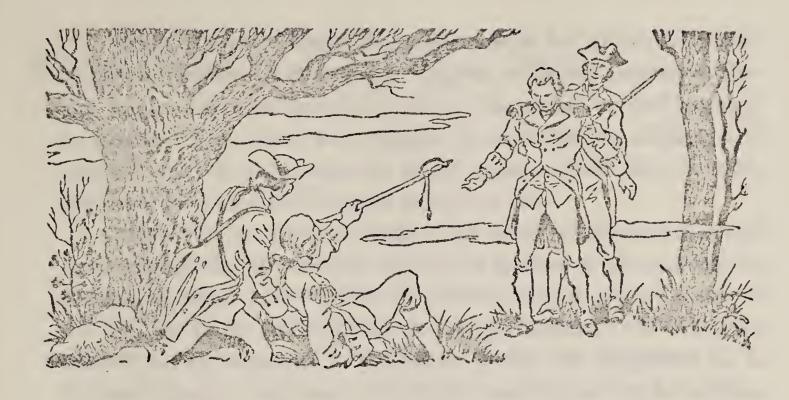
A son, Richard Clough Anderson, Jr., was born to them in 1788 and a daughter, Ann Clark Anderson, in 1790. Ann was to grow up and marry John Logan, the son of General Benjamin Logan, a pioneer of Kentucky and a friend of her uncle, George Rogers Clark.

A daughter, Cecilia, was born in 1792 and another daughter, Elizabeth in 1794. There was also a son born in 1793, who died at birth, and was not named.

We have no record of the cause of Elizabeth's death on January 15th, 1795. She may have been ailing from the birth of Elizabeth, or have contracted some other illness. But she was only 28 at the time of her death, and it must have been a severe shock to all of her relatives as well as to Richard. He had already started to rebuild his house with stone, and was left with four young children, one of them less than a year old. And their married life had lasted but eight years. We cannot blame him for his second marriage, to Sarah Marshall, just two years later.

In closing this sketch of Great Grandmother Elizabeth, let us remember that the twenty eight years of her life were spent in the most important era of American history, that the same blood flowed in her veins as in those of her brothers, John Rogers and William, and that we owe to her not the least part of whatever spirit of independence and true "Americanism" we possess.

She died before her brother, General William Clark, with Meriwether Lewis, received from President Thomas Jefferson the commission to lead an expedition of exploration from St. Louis to the Pacific ocean. That is not her story, but those of us who like to read of courage and faith in a vision, of success through hardships in a journey of nearly three years through an unknown, unexplored wilderness, should read the story of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, as given in John Bakeless' "Lewis and Clark", published by Wm. Morrow & Co. in 1947.



## Colonel RICHARD CLOUGH ANDERSON

RICHARD CLOUGH ANDERSON, the Great Grandfather of Laura Gamble Thomson, was born January 12th, 1750. He was the son of Robert Anderson III and Elizabeth Clough Anderson, daughter of Richard Clough and Ann Poindexter. He was born at Gold Mine plantation, Hanover County, Virginia. He was a colonial soldier of distinction, serving his country throughout the War of Independence, until the general muster out in 1783. Through his marriage to Elizabeth Clark in 1787, he was the brother-in-law of General George Rogers Clark, and of General William Clark. After the war, he settled in Kentucky, building his house at a spring on the headwaters of Bear Grass Creek.

Mr. W. P. Anderson, in his book, "Anderson Family Records", gives a very complete account of Colonel Anderson's war record and the high points of his experiences in those strenuous times, which must be included in this record. It gives an unforgettable picture of one of our early ancestors of whom we may well be proud.

When Richard Clough Anderson was in his sixteenth year he secured a position in Richmond, Virginia, with the merchant, Patrick Coots, where he must have proven his reliability and accuracy in figures. Mr. Coots was engaged in merchandise trading, and Richard acted as supercargo on many voyages, from his twentieth year until he joined the Colonial army in 1776.

Coots was an intense loyalist and tried to dissuade Richard from joining the Continental Army, but finding it of no avail, he decided to help. He was able to interest Patrick Henry, a son of the minister of St. Paul's Parish, in young Anderson, and the latter secured his appointment as a Captain in the 5th Regiment C. L. Richard Clough Anderson's commission was signed by John Hancock under date of March 7th, 1776. He received his baptism of fire at White Plains, November 16th, 1776, was wounded at Assunipink Bridge, January 2nd, 1777, and taken to a hospital in Philadelphia. Here he contracted smallpox, and came out of the hospital reported as being one of the three ugliest men in the American army.

He rejoined his regiment at Morristown, and served with General Greene in the fall campaign against General Howe. In September of the same year, his brigade checked Lord Cornwallis at Brandywine. He took part in the fight at Germantown, and spent the winter of 1777-1778 at Valley Forge.

On February 10th, 1778, he was promoted to Major of the 1st Virginia, still under General Greene. He was at Monmouth. In October of 1779, his regiment was included in the expeditionary force under General Lincoln which invested Savannah. In the assault on October 9th, the 1st Virginia was detailed to attack the Spring Hill Redoubt.

The parapet of the outwork was some 16 or 17 feet high, and of very soft earth. Very few officers or men reached the top promptly, but Major Anderson was among the first. Scarcely had he reached the top when a British officer, (Capt. Towles), lunged at him with his sword, and wounded him in the shoulder. Forced over

the edge of the parapet, he fell to the bottom with such force that he was ruptured. His servant carried him back to camp. On the way, they passed the mortally wounded Count Pulaski, an old friend and messmate, and the latter gave Richard his sword. (This sword remained a valuable relic in the Anderson family until destroyed in a fire in Dayton in 1860.)

The expedition against Savannah was unsuccessful, and General Lincoln retreated to Charlestown, where he surrendered on May 21st, 1780. Major Anderson was not yet out of the hospital at Fort Moultrie, and was taken prisoner. Later, however, he was exchanged, ordered north, and promoted to the rank of Colonel of the 3rd. Reg. C.L. Shortly after, he was detailed as special Aide de Camp to General LaFayette.

When Cornwallis was finally cooped up in Yorktown, Colonel Anderson was ordered to report to Governor Dinwiddie as Chief of Staff in connection with the assembled Virginia Militia. In this capacity he served until the surrender, when he joined his regiment, and continued therewith until the general muster out in the fall of 1783.

The Colony of Virginia had made grants of land to the officers and men of the line in lieu of monetary payment. Script had been given to the troops on their muster out. To give the script value, it was necessary that the allotment of land be surveyed and segregated. The members of the Society of the Cincinnati selected Colonel Anderson, one of their members, for this purpose, and contract was signed December 17th, 1783.

So Colonel Richard Clough Anderson, with three slaves and his household effects, loaded on seven pack horses, set out to make a new home in Kentucky. He built himself a house of logs at a spring on the headwaters of Bear Grass Creek, which he called "Soldiers' Retreat". He still suffered from the rupture he had received at the Spring Hill Redoubt, which rendered it impossible for him to do any but the lightest field work. He therefore appointed a number of young men as his assistants. Among these were John

Cleves Symmes, Nathaniel Massie, Duncan McArthur, Major John O'Bannion, Lucas Sullivant, James Taylor and Arthur Fox.

Colonel Anderson must have been a man of outstanding and intriguing personality, a man of indomitable courage and intrepid vitality. Homely, pockmarked by the ravages of smallpox, and suffering with the disability of an uncured hernia, (the rupture which was later to cause his death), he yet maintained his leadership among his associates. During the war and in the subsequent period of pioneering and settlement of the Ohio basin, he had little time for social life, and it was not until 1787, when he was 37 years old, that he married Elizabeth Clark, a sister of General George Rogers Clark. Her younger brother William had not yet made his place in history as the Clark of the Lewis and Clark Expedition that opened the great Northwest territory to the future acquisition and settlement by the United States.

Colonel Anderson had never forgotten the days when he had acted as supercargo on the vessels of Patrick Coots, and he was keenly interested in the development of navigation on the Ohio. In 1795, he built the first schooner to sail the Ohio, the "Carolina", a ship of about 450 tons burden. It was said to have made one successful voyage to London and return, but on the second trip it was wrecked somewhere in the West Indies.

In 1826, the rupture sustained at the attack on Savannah became strangulated and inflamed, and no surgeon being near, caused his death, on October 16th.

Among the children of Richard Clough Anderson by his second wife, Sarah Marshall, was Robert Anderson, born June 14th, 1805. He was the eighth child of his father, and a half brother of Ann Clark Anderson, who married John Logan.

He was a graduate of West Point, and a Major in the United States army in command of the Union Force which, in 1860, occupied Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. In April of the following year the war between the states was inaugurated when General Beauregard with a volunteer army of South Carolinians laid siege to

the fort. Major Anderson was not prepared to meet the surprise attack, due to lack of provisions and necessary equipment. The fort was isolated from all sources of supply, and there was no prospect for immediate relief in sight. So, after holding out for several days, Major Anderson surrendered.

The Confederates held and occupied the fort until General Sherman with his army approached Charleston in February of 1865. Then Ft. Sumter was evacuated by the Southern forces, and Major Anderson again raised the United States flag above the ramparts.

Robert Anderson died in 1871, in Nice, France, at that time a General in the United States Army. His wife was Eliza Bayard Clinch, daughter of Colonel Duncan Clinch, U.S.A. He was the father of four children, Eliza, Marie, Sophie, and Robert.

A COLUMN



## General BENJAMIN LOGAN, PIONEER

David Logan, the first Logan of record in the Thomson-Gamble Record, came to Philadelphia from Ireland in the first decade of the eighteenth century. His people had moved to Ireland from Scotland, where it is stated that they had been powerful feudal barons for generations. David married in Philadelphia and shortly after, he and his wife moved to Augusta County, Virginia, where their son, Benjamin Logan, was born and baptized by the Rev. Mr. Craig on May 3rd, 1743. He is the General Benjamin Logan who was a friend of Daniel Boone and a distinguished pioneer settler of the State of Kentucky.

Benjamin Logan lost his father when fourteen years old, and became the male head of the family. All of his father's property came to him as the eldest, according to the laws of Virginia, but he divided it generously with his brothers and sisters. Later, he removed to the Holston River district and bought land. But he seems already to have acquired the spirit of adventure and exploration

which was later to lead him into the wilds of Kentucky. For when he was twenty one he joined Colonel Bouquet's expedition against the Indians of the North. Again, in 1774, he went with Dunmore on an expedition to the Northwest, in the valley of the Ohio River. And two years later, he decided to make a new home for his family in Kentucky.

He set out in 1776, with two or three slaves and necessary equipment, and in Powell's Valley met Boone, Henderson, etc., who were engaged in similar exploration.

He traveled with them for a time, but finding that they were not interested in locating a permanent settlement, as he was, he left them upon arrival in eastern Kentucky and proceeded westward, finally pitching his camp in a district which is now included in Lincoln County. He was joined by another pioneer settler, William Gillespie, and they built a stockade, turning their camp into a fort as a protection against possible attack by the Indians. He and Gillespie, with the help of the slaves he had brought with him from Holston, cleared land and planted seed.

The ground proved fertile, and they were not disturbed by the Indians. Their crop was successful, and Logan was satisfied that he had found the right place for his new home. So in June he returned to Holston to his family. He gathered his possessions, slaves, cattle and equipment and, with his family, set out for their new home in the wilderness, reaching Lincoln County in the fall of 1776.

At Harrodsburg, a thriving settlement protected by a substantial stockaded fort, (this fort has been reconstructed and preserved, and is now a public monument), there had been rumors of Indian hostilities and massacres when his pack train had gone through, and the few trappers and woodsmen who stopped for a night at his camp told the same story. The Indians were evidently determined to prevent the whites from settling permanently in this country, and Fort Logan was not yet in condition to withstand an attack in force. So after his crops were in, in the fall of 1777, Logan removed his family to Harrodsburg for the winter.

But in the spring of 1778 he returned to Logan's Fort. Crops were planted, the defenses against possible attack were completed, and the little settlement prospered, Logan having been joined by several other settlers. Then one night, on May 20th, 1778, a band of a hundred or more hostile Indians invested the settlement. The settlers retreated into the safety of the stockade of Fort Logan and prepared to resist the attack. Attack after attack against the fort were repulsed, but their food was scarce and they had very little water, so that their affairs were desperate. The fort was entirely surrounded by the fierce blood thirsty Indians, so that escape was impossible. Unless some relief was found, it was only a question of time until their supplies would be exhausted and the settlers would be at the mercy of the savages.

Some one must try to escape through the besieging Indians and go for help, and the courageous Logan, the one best equipped by experience and ability to evade the savages, undertook the task. In the dark of the moon he dropped from the top of the stockade and stealthily made his way through the lines of the besiegers. The record from which this account is taken, is not very clear as to where or how Logan secured the help he needed. He must have proceeded first to Harrodsburg, as that was the largest settlement in the district, but the report mentions his going to Holston for ammunition. In any case, he did secure help, and returned to Logan's Fort, to find it still holding out.

Indians never continued a fight against odds, or when they saw no chance of victory. So they probably gave up the investment of the fort as soon as Logan with his reinforcements appeared, and fled into the wilderness. (Note: This account appears in Finley's "History of Russellville, Logan County, Kentucky, written in 1878.)

General Benjamin Logan was an intrepid pioneer and settler, a militant protector of the emigrants who settled in Kentucky and the valley of the Ohio. Besides his earlier participation in expeditions by Bouquet, Dunmore, etc., he engaged in many fights with the Indians in Kentucky, was wounded in one of several battles at Big

Flat Lick, and in 1779 went with Colonel Bowman on an expedition against them at Chillicothe.

But he made a permanent home in Kentucky. In 1781, he was one of the first magistrates of the First Court of Kentucky, and declined to accept the appointment as County Lieutenant Colonel. In 1783, he was sheriff of Lincoln County. He was a delegate to the conventions which framed the first Constitution of Kentucky, in 1792, and again in 1799. He was in the legislature from Lincoln County in 1793-4, and from Shelby County in 1795 and 1818.

He was a great grandfather of Laura Gamble Thomson.



# LAURA GAMBLE THOMSON

Laura Gamble, the first wife of Peter Gibson Thomson, was the daughter of James McFarlane Gamble of Louisville, Ky., and of Sarah Jane Logan Gamble, the granddaughter of General Benjamin Logan of Kentucky. Her grandmother, Mrs. John Logan, was Ann Clark Anderson, the daughter of Colonel Richard Clough Anderson and Elizabeth Clark Anderson, the latter being the sister of General George Rogers Clark and General William Clark. It is from her descent from these pioneer families that much of the early American background of the Thomson-Gamble family is drawn.

Laura Gamble Thomson was born October 6th, 1853, in Louisville, Ky. In 1875, when she was in her twenty first year, she met young Peter Thomson while on a visit to relatives in Cincinnati, and they were married. The marriage was a happy one, she and her husband sharing the trials and hardships of his early struggles to win success in the world of business. Many of the poems and jingles that appeared in the pages of his "toy" books and comic valentines, when he was engaged in publishing such articles, were written by her. Later, his growing business and the interests of her family, which was growing also, occupied most of her time. She was a gracious and popular hostess, a loving and thoughtful mother, an active member of the Presbyterian Church, and a warm friend in emergencies to those who needed it.

Mrs. Thomson was a sincere and lovable woman. Besides her interest in her church, she was an active member of the Woman's Club, the Woman's Press Club, Daughters of the American Revolution, and College Hill Progress Club. She was one of the few life members of the Ohio Humane Society, to whose interests and welfare she devoted a great deal of her time.

Mrs. Thomson died suddenly on January 20th, 1913 at a health resort in the Sanibel Islands off the coast of Florida, where she and her husband were staying for a rest. Her death was a great shock to her family and their hosts of friends, and her passing was a great loss to the entire community in which she lived, for she was loved by all who really knew her.

#### LAURA GAMBLE THOMSON

Reminiscences by Mrs. Alexander Thomson (Mary Moore)

The first time I met my husband's mother was in 1906, and I then found her a very vivacious, handsome, strong looking woman. I was amazed to learn that even then she was known to be mortally ill. I learned of the things she liked to do and was able to do in the

days when she enjoyed good health, only through long chats and reminiscences with her and through my husband's constant and affectionate references to her and the feeling of her influence.

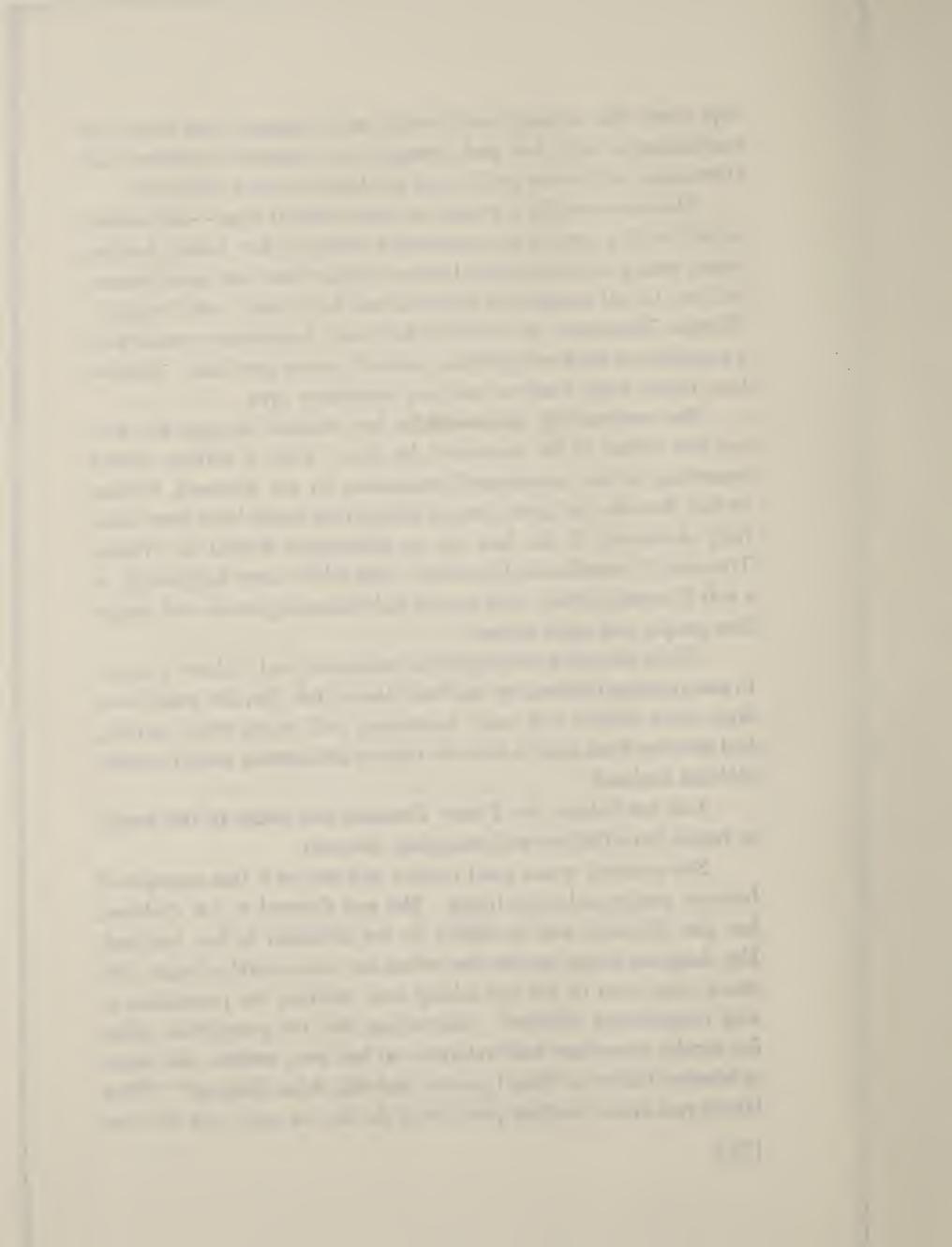
She was normally a woman of great physical vigor—she walked rapidly with a sort of gay movement swinging her hands, looking about, seeing chiefly people, because people were her great interest in life. Of all people, her husband was her "be-all" and "end-all." "Mother Thomson," as we called her was a handsome woman with a magnificent head and glorious, naturally wavy gray hair. She had fine, rather large features and very expressive eyes.

She was entirely dominated by her husband through her love and her desire to be dominated by him. This, I believe, caused something of an unexpressed resentment in my husband, because he felt that she had great natural ability that could have been more fully developed if she had not so submerged herself in "Father Thomson's" activities and interests. She told a story delightfully in a soft Kentucky drawl, with humor and interesting slants and insight into people and their actions.

While she did write jingles for valentines and children's stories in entertaining fashion, my husband always felt that she could have done more serious and more interesting and worth while writing, had she ever been able to take the time or the interest away from her idolized husband.

I do not believe that Father Thomson was aware of this except to return her affection with complete devotion.

She certainly was a good mother and she set a fine example of honesty, justice and right living. She was devoted to her children, but that devotion was secondary to her devotion to her husband. Her daughter Hope, recalls that when she was a child of eight, she heard other girls of her age asking their mothers for permission to visit neighboring children. Concluding that the proprieties called for similar procedure with reference to her own mother, she asked of Mother Thomson "May I go over and visit Anna Shepley?" "Why Hopie you know whether you should do that or not," and left that



decision and many others for the child to make on her own. This attitude, whether spontaneous or the result of plan, certainly built self reliance not only in "Hopie," but in her other children as well.

She was not a good housekeeper in the usual sense of the word. She had been raised in a Kentucky home in the days when colored servants were plentiful and well trained. In her girlhood days she was never called upon to do any of the "manual" tasks that could be and were handled by the servants; so she always remained content to leave household details completely to those whose duty it was to take care of them. She always had a good cook because cooks and all of her servants who served her in any capacity adored her and took delight in making things easy for her. She had no difficulty in penetrating the screen of a colored skin to appreciate and to reciprocate the cordial friendliness and devoted loyalties that lay beneath.

She didn't worry about her clothes, she wanted to be neat and comfortable, but the "last word" in style never interested her. "Popsy," as she always called Father Thomson, loved to buy pretty things for her as well as for the other ladies of the family. She loved most of all wearing the things he had bought for her.

The Thomson family had lived in College Hill for years in a large comfortable brick house built in the style of the gay nineties and surrounded by generous grounds with shady lawns and fine old trees. It was here that the children grew to maturity, and to Mother Thomson it was Home.

Later when great prosperity came to her husband, the old house was torn down and replaced by the beautiful and elaborate "Laurel Court," but the "big house" as she called it was never "home" to her.

She was gravely ill and realizing it, felt she was unable to cope with the heavier problems of household management that were inherent in its possession. Every thing in the house was bought by "Popsy" and Mother Thomson would proudly tell you so and liked it because he had bought it.

She was happy and content to be in the house when Father Thomson was there, but the minute he left in the morning, she, too, was ready to go.

My home was directly across the street from Laurel Court within easy visiting distance. I could readily tell when Father Thomson had gone, because I would see Mother Thomson coming out of the front door and straight across the street to me or to Grandma Thomson's home on the other corner, and would frankly say "I can't stay there when Popsy's gone."

With me she would sit while I bathed the babies and did the ordering and we would talk about everything under the sun, present and past, and she would generally ask that I go down town with her to do some very minor shopping or to see some of the friends she loved. In that way she would occupy the time until she knew Father would be home from the mill. We had to time our return so that she would be there to greet him.

With her keen sense of humor, Mother had that rare quality of being able to laugh at herself. Being her first daughter-in-law, and a new comer to College Hill, she told me delightful stories of her first meeting with the people out there and of her constant confusion of names and what trouble that would get her into. For instance, there was a Dr. and Mrs. Sheets, and Mother would constantly call them "Spread" or "Pillow," remembering the connection with something for a bed, and making such a delightful joke of it that even the Sheets themselves enjoyed it.

While I have said that she was dominated by Father, she was with it all a very positive person; positive in her love of him; positive in her beliefs and very apt to speak out about them with an almost brusque frankness on unusual, sometimes even on inopportune occasions.

Spitting in public was one of the things that roused all of her latent combativeness. One day, while riding the street car to town, the husband of one of her neighbors spat in disgusting fashion on the floor of the car. Her wrath promptly boiled over into indignant

and pointed comment and he was told in no uncertain manner that "no gentleman would conduct himself in that manner." Her surprised neighbor learned a lesson in public manners, that he never forgot.

She had been brought up in a household where the rigid principles of old fashioned religion were ruthlessly applied to young and old alike under the watchful eye of a militant grandmother. It was a day of drawn blinds, of attendance at church, morning, afternoon and night and of reading the Bible to the exclusion of all other literature. During her married life she always enjoyed going to church and to have all her family with her on that occasion, but remembering the tedious Sundays of her childhood days, she always encouraged her children to enjoy their Sundays in joyous happy times together, with no amusements barred as long as they were clean and wholesome.

I said her children were secondary to her love for her husband, yet she adored having children around, not only her own children, but all the children of the neighborhood. Healthy, happy play, even though it might become boistrous and might leave the household in confusion, never worried her in the least. Hope, thinking back in pleasant memory says "I do not think that there were ever children who knew more games to play and it was because of the frequent gatherings of large groups at our home." Almost every fair evening there would be forty or fifty children playing in the yard.

A friend of mine told me that one day she went to call on Mother. It was raining and she was surprised to hear shouts of laughter coming from the house. When she was admitted, she found a circus going on in full swing in the double parlors with Mother dressed up in Father's frock coat acting as ring master. Hope recalls the remark of one of the friends of the family who said "when you go to the Thomsons, you can expect anything from a rabbit to an elephant to greet you at the door." Pets, especially dogs, were loved by all members of the family who readily and cheerfully forgave such social indiscretions as the untrained animals were fre-

quently guilty of. All of the children recall their amusing experiences with Petro the monkey.

Mother loved to read and read aloud beautifully and that was a wonderful experience and heritage for her children for she read the classics and developed, I know, in my husband a most excellent taste in literature.



### The CLOUGHS

NORTH OF THE BAY OF BISCAY, where the coast of France extends westward in a rugged high flung peninsula between the Atlantic Ocean and the English Channel, lies the French Province of Brittany. High bluffs and rocky promontories frown down upon the narrow strands of the sea coast, while between their shoulders wide green valleys and romantic rocky glens run down to the sea. Swift flowing rivers water these valleys and rushing cataracts leap over the boulders in the glens, on their way to the coast.

From the earliest times this region has been the home of thriving communities, sturdy, independent people, drawing their sustenance largely from the sea, and protected from invasion by the almost inaccessible approaches to their strongholds. The Breton fisherman was well known throughout Europe for his skill and reliability in deep sea fishing.

When Caesar invaded Gaul, Brittany was the country of the Amoricans. He never conquered them, and when later Clovis welded France into a nation, the best he could do was to form an alliance with them under which he became their overlord. If they were outnumbered in battle, they would retreat into their strongholds in their land locked valleys.

The Bretons are without doubt the descendants of the Amoricans, and also doubtless the Amoricans were originally of the same people as the Brittons, who invaded England.

The safety of the Bretons in their rocky strongholds depended upon their warning of any invasion, for where glens and gulches abounded on every side there were innumerable points of danger. So a constant watch was kept, and certain of their chiefs were appointed as leaders of the watch. And in the course of time the office became hereditary, and they and their followers were called "Ravine Men."

### - H- UO LO SAN

the second second second  Among the Celtic tribes, and through all the northern countries of Europe, as well as Brittany, a ravine was called a "Clough". So that the Ravine Men were called Cloughs.

In his "History of the Commoners", John Burke makes a statement, confirmed by Dr. Johnson and other lexicographers that: "This family—Clough—, its name and arms educe from the Lords of Rohan in the Dukedom of Rohan". Rohan was a small viscounty, later erected into a duchy, in Brittany or Bretagne, in France, when William the Norman invaded that province about A.D. 1050

John Burke tells us that the Lords of Rohan were descendants of the ancient Kings and Princes of Bretagne. They bore the family name of "Clough." According to Eva Clough Speare in her book of the Clough family, a Duke of Rohan was born in A.D. 1580 at his castle in Blain, who was a famous man of letters and an officer in the religious wars of that century. Blain is a city situated in the Vilaine Valley, not far distant from the seaport of St. Nazaire. It was here that the Cloughs received their name and arms.

The Cloughs came to England with William the Conqueror, and some remained there to settle. The name survives near the coast of Yorkshire, not far from Whiteley, in the town of "Cloughton", and in Westmoreland County where the Clough River flows into the Luna above Lancaster.

Although no attempt has been successful in tying up the above record with the Cloughs who emigrated to this country, it is logical to assume that a family name so uncommon and unique must have come from that district, that they originated in Brittany, and may lay claim to the assumption that they are descended from the Lords of Rohan, the chieftains who guarded the ravines, even in the days before history began in France.

Note: There is of record the following, according to Mrs. Speare: "John Clough, in the midsummer of 1635, reached Charles Town in the Plantation of Massachusetts, on the ship 'Elizabeth', from London." He might be an ancestor of Col. Richard Clough Anderson.







GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK





GENERAL BENJAMIN LOGAN





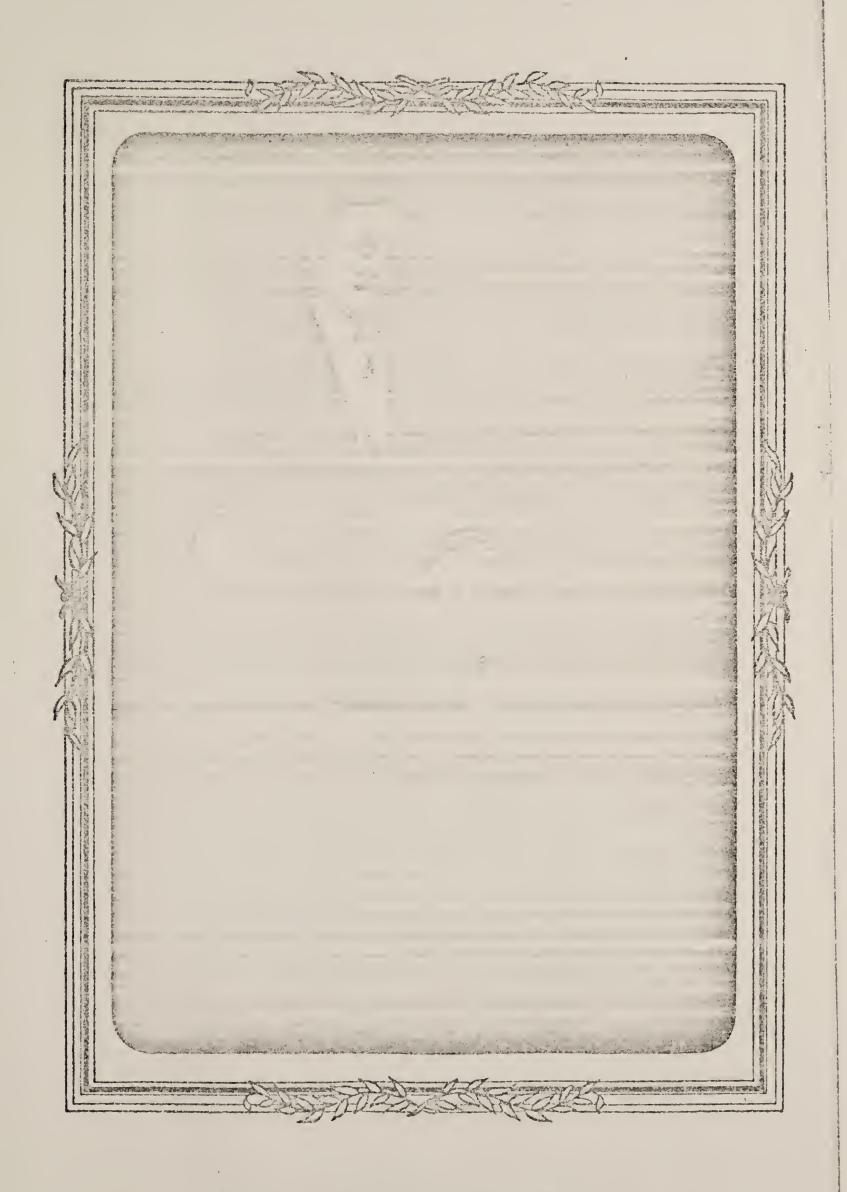
ALEXANDER THOMSON
[Father of Peter G. Thomson]





MRS. ALEXANDER THOMSON
[Mary Ann Edwards]





PETER GIBSON THOMSON .





MRS. PETER GIBSON THOMSON [Laura Gamble]





ALEXANDER THOMSON
[Son of Peter G. Thomson]

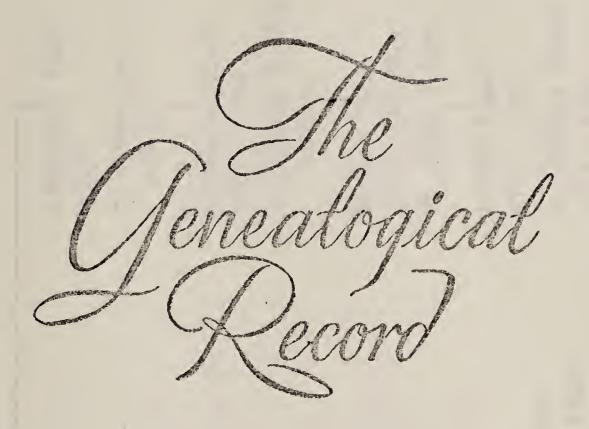




LOGAN GAMBLE THOMSON

[Son of Peter G. Thomson]





The following pages give the lineal descent of the Thomson-Gamble family from some of the early pioneers and settlers of this country, including the Rogers, the Clarks, The Andersons, the Logans, (the Gambles and the Thomson families.) Others might have been included but for lack of space, those selected were considered typical of the background of the present generation, and of general interest because of the prominence of such families in the history of those early times.

The decendants of Peter G. Thomson and Laura Gamble Thomson are included in the Thomson Line, according to a numerical chart, of which Peter Gibson Thomson is Number one, (1). This system is explained on another page, and it might be mentioned that such a chart is perpetual, new generations being added without conflict in the number system. It is hoped that those who receive this book, will keep the record active, for the benefit of future generations.

Christopher Clark, (or Clarke), the first American Clark of the Thomson Family, possibly the son of Edward and Diana Haywood Clark, was born sometime between 1612 and 1620, in England or Virginia. He is also an ancestor of the Norburn Family.

Christopher Clark 1612/20.

m.-Penelope Bolling Christopher Clark m. - Judith Adams Christopher Clark 1718 - 1800 Plus m. - Name not Micajah Clark Micajah Clark 1681 - 1754 (Ashley) recorded 1659 m. - Rebecca -

m. - Eliz. Wilson

1701 - 1759

m. - Ann Fisher

John Clark

Jonathan Clark

1698 -

Gen. George Rogers

Ann Clark Anderson

Dr. Robert Clark

m. - Mildred Martin

1741 - 1827

Gen. Jonathan Clark

Clough Anderson

1750 - 1826

m. - Col. Richard

1768 - 1795

Elizabeth Clark

m. - Ann Rogers

1725 - 1799

John Clark

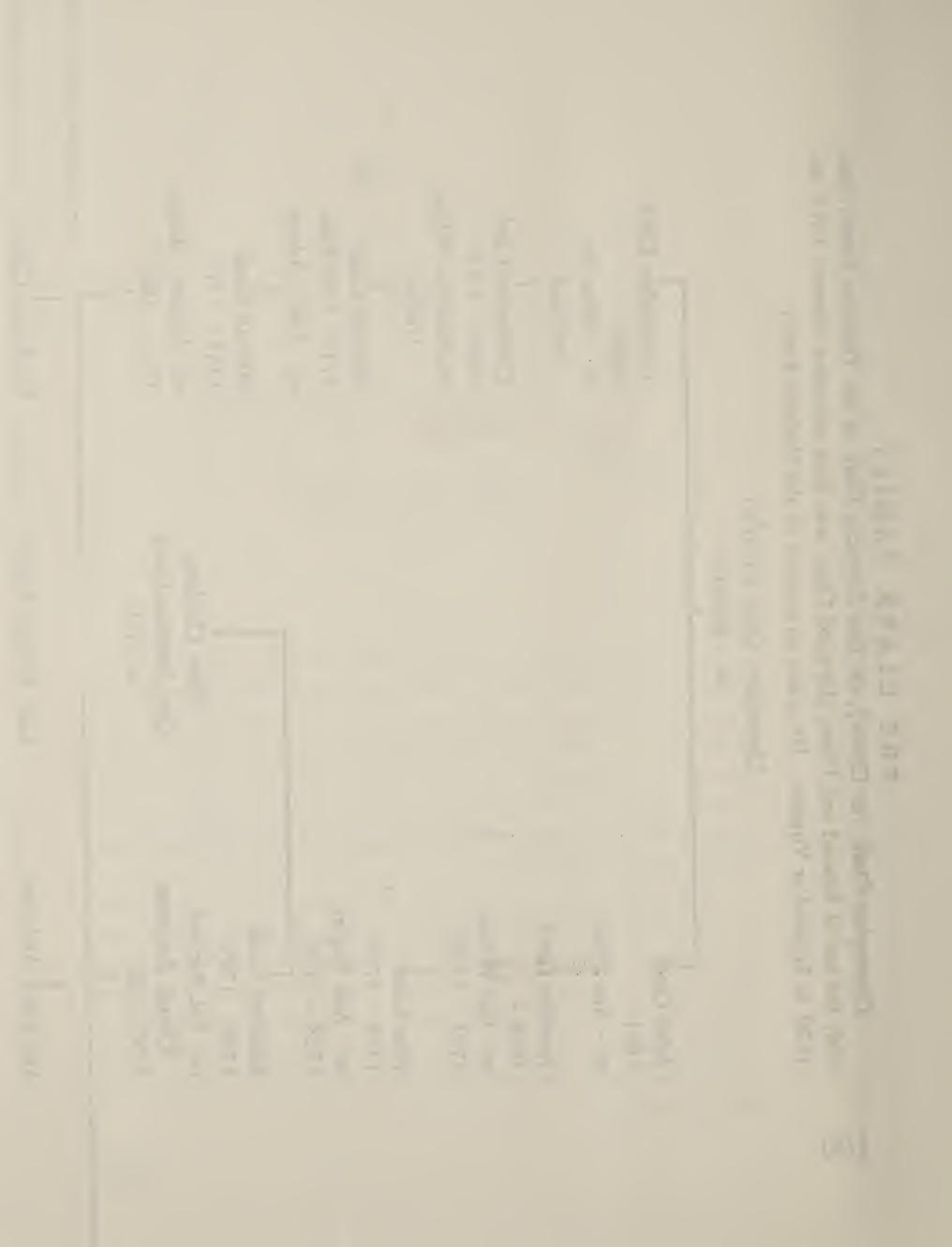
1728 - 1798

b. 1750

Other Children

1741 - 1774

[78]



Ann Clark Anderson m. - James McFar-lane Gamble m. - John Logan 1785 - 1826 Sarah Jane Logan 1790 - 1863 1811 - 1868 1822 - 1905

m. - Peter Gibson Laura Gamble 1853 - 1913 Thomson 1851 - 1931 The Thomson Line

Gen. George Rogers b. 1752 Clark

Ann Clark b. 1755

Capt. John Clark b. 17—

Lt. Richard Clark b. 1760

Capt. Edmund Clark b. 1762

Gen. William Clark b. 1770

Lucy Clark b. 1765

Frances Eleanor b. 1773 Clark

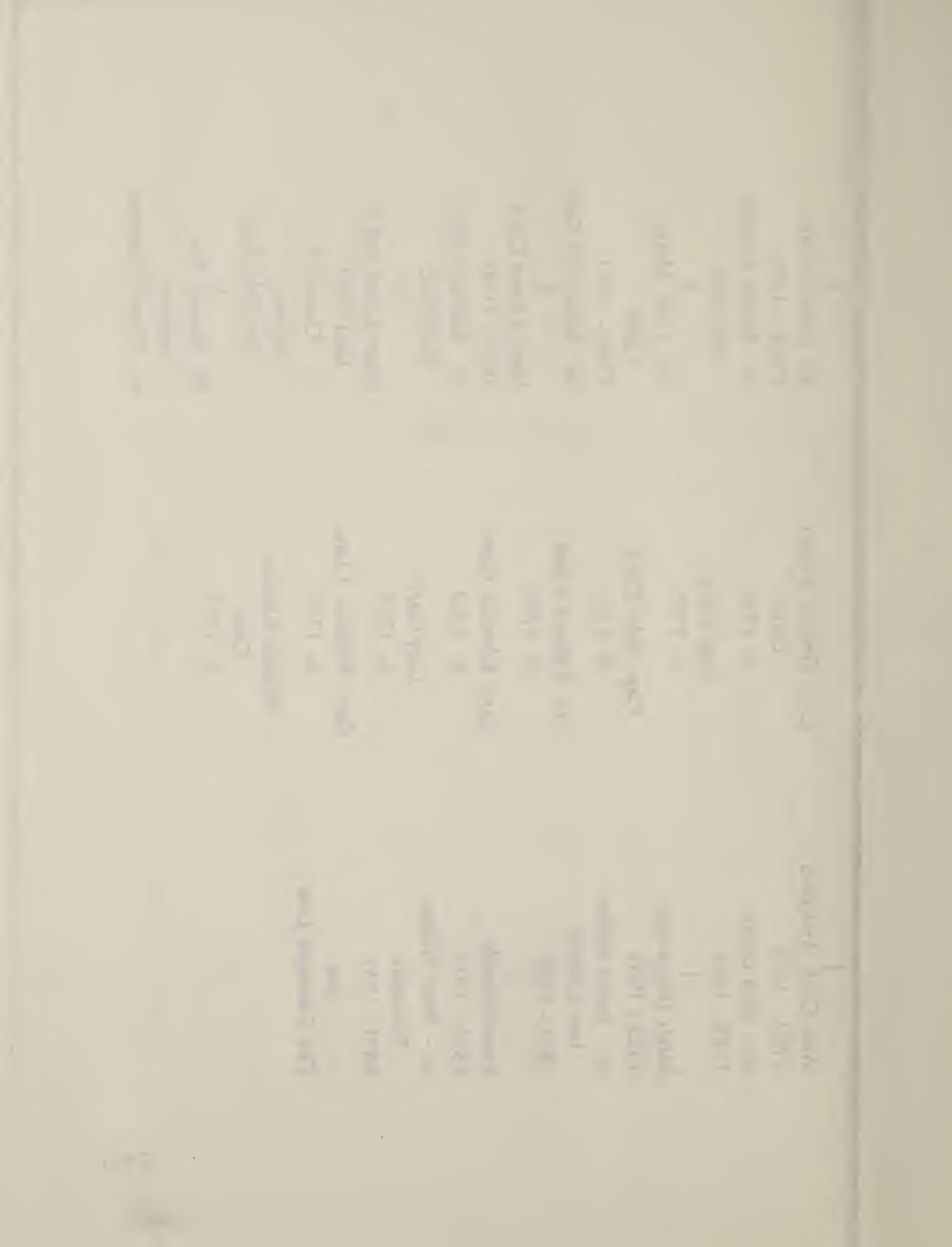
m. - Nancy Venable Moorman Dr. Robert Clark 1764 - 1820

Dr. Thos. Martin
Clark
1799 - 1871
m. - Susan Eliz. Cobb
Martha Hunt Clark
1824 - 1910

m. - Matthew Wm. Strickland Susan Lillian Strick-

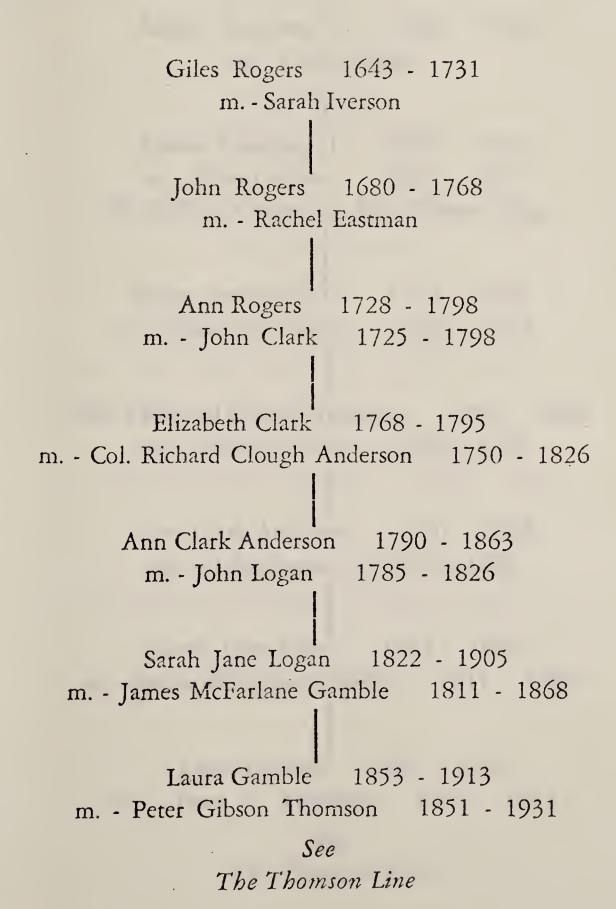
land 1859
m. - Charles A.
Norburn
(Sheffield, Eng.)

m. - Hope Robertson Dr. Russell Lee Norburn



## THE ROGERS FAMILY

Giles Rogers, the first American Rogers Ancestor of the Thomson-Gamble family, was according to John Cox Underwood, in his "Rogers Book", a direct descendant of John Rogers, "The Martyr of Scotland".



## THE ANDERSON FAMILY

Robert Anderson I, the first American Anderson ancestor of the Thomson-Gamble Family lived at Gold Mine Plantation in Albermarle County, Virginia.

> Robert Anderson I. 1639 - 1712 m. - Cecila Massie 1663 - 1716 Robert Anderson II. m. - Mary Overton 1688 - 1749 (D. of Wm. Overton & Eliz. Waters) Eng. 1712 - 1792 Robert Anderson III. m. - Elizabeth Clough 1722 - 1773 (Col.) Richard Clough Anderson 1750 - 1826 m. - Elizabeth Clark 1768 - 1795 Ann Clark Anderson 1790 - 1863 m. - John Logan 1785 - 1826 Sarah Jane Logan 1822 - 1905 1811 - 1868 m. - James McFarlane Gamble Laura Gamble 1853 - 1913 m. - Peter G. Thomson 1851 - 1931 See

> > The Thomson Line

## THE LOGAN FAMILY

David Logan, the first American Logan ancestor of the Thomson-Gamble line was born in Scotland and migrated to Philadelphia about 1700. He is said to be a descendant of powerful feudal barons of Scotland, who went from Scotland to Ireland and then to America.

David Logan m. - Name not on record General Benjamin Logan 1743 m. - Ann Montgomery John Logan 1785 - 1826 m. - Ann Clark Anderson 1790 - 1868 Sarah Jane Logan 1822 - 1905 m. - James McFarlane Gamble 1811 - 1868 Laura Gamble 1853 - 1913 m. - Peter G. Thomson 1851 - 1931 See The Thomson Line

#### THE GAMBLE FAMILY

The Gamble Family came to America from Ireland and the first American Gamble ancestor of the Thomson-Gamble Family was probably born there, for his son William was born in Ireland. They probably emigrated to America after 1774, the birth date of William.

John Gamble

m. - Name not on record

William Gamble 1774 - 1824

m. - Jane McFarlane 1773 - 1847

James McFarlane Gamble 1811 - 1868

m. - Sarah Jane Logan 1822 - 1905

Laura Gamble 1853 - 1913

m. - Peter G. Thomson 1851 - 1931

See

The Thomson Line

## THE RANDOLPH FAMILY

Mary Ann Randolph, the grandmother of Peter G. Thomson, was born in England in 1795. Her father was an English knight baronet, and there is a story in the Thomson family that when she married John Edwards, her father disowned her for marrying a commoner. (See the chapter on "A Visit to Paisley").

Mary Ann Randolph 1795 - 1849
m. - John C. Edwards died 1855

Mary Ann Edwards 1822 - 1914
m. - Alexander Thomson 1819 - 1914

Peter Gibson Thomson 1851 - 1931 m. - Laura Gamble 1853 - 1913

See
The Thomson Line

## THE THOMSON LINE

ALEXANDER THOMSON
b. 1770, d. (in Scotland)
m. (Name not located)

PETER THOMSON

b. 1800 d. 1868

m. Rhoda Johnson

Birth and Death

Dates not recorded

OTHER CHILDREN

John Thomson

David Thomson

Elizabeth Thomson

ALEXANDER THOMSON

b. 1824 d. 1864

m. MARY ANN EDWARDS

b. 1822 d. 1914

OTHER CHILDREN

James Thomson

Two Girls

Boy, names not located.

PETER GIBSON THOMSON

b. 1851 d. 1931

m. LAURA GAMBLE

b. 1853 d. 1913

OTHER CHILDREN

Mollie Thomson

Alexander Thomson

Rhoda Thomson

CHILDREN OF PETER G. AND LAURA THOMSON

ROSE G. THOMSON b. 1877 d. 1877

PETER G. THOMSON, JR. b. 1878

ALEXANDER THOMSON b. 1879 d. 1939

MARY BELL THOMSON b. 1881

HOPE LINDENBERGER THOMSON b. 1883

LOGAN GAMBLE THOMSON b. 1884 d. 1946

Note: Alice Rammelsberg, at present residing in College Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, is the daughter of Rhoda Thomson Rammelsberg, who was a sister of Peter Gibson Thomson.

See following pages for later generations.

18 - 1

#### LATER GENERATIONS

#### OF

## THE THOMSON-GAMBLE FAMILY

The following record of the descendants of Peter G. Thomson and his wife, Laura Gamble Thomson, is a numerical chart, in which they represent the first generation, or Number One, (1), of the chart. Their ancestors are given on other pages of this book.

A number system of this kind gives the first generation the Number One, (1). Their children, the second generation, receive the numbers 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16, in which the last digit represents the age sequence of the children and the left hand digit the number of the parent. The next generation adds a new digit to the right, etc. See following pages.

The numbers of the first and second generations are given below. The descendants of each of the children of Peter G. Thomson are given on the following pages.

#### Number

- 1. Peter G. Thomson and Laura Gamble Thomson
- 11. Rose G. Thomson b. 1877 d. 1877 (No issue)
- 12. Peter G. Thomson, Jr. b. 1878
- 13. Alexander Thomson b. 1879 d. 1939
- 14. Mary Bell Thomson b. 1881
- 15. Hope Lindenberger Thomson b. 1883
- 16. Logan Gamble Thomson b. 1884 d. 1946

88- "

#### DESCENDANTS

## O F

## PETER GIBSON THOMSON JR

## Identification Number

- 12. Peter G. Thomson Jr. b. 1878, m. Laura G. Simpson, b. 1894
- 121. Anne Thomson, b. 1915, m. Richmond Witham Smith, b. 1913
- 1211. Richmond Witham Smith Jr., b. 1935
- 1212. Michael Thomson Smith, b. 1944
  - 122. Laura Gamble Thomson, b. 1916, m. Joseph Dearborn Robinson III. b. 1907
- 1221. Joseph Dearborn Robinson IV. b. 1943
- 1222. Laura Carroll Robinson, b. 1945
- 1223. Peter Gamble Robinson, b. 1948

# DESCENDANTS

# O F

## ALEXANDER THOMSON

| Identification<br>Number |   |
|--------------------------|---|
|                          |   |
| 13.                      | Alexander Thomson, b. 1879 d. 1939, m Mary<br>Moore Dabney, b. 1886     |
| 131.                     | Alexander Thomson Jr. b. 1908 d. 1944, m Adele<br>Louise Noyes, b. 1911 |
| 1311.                    | Adele Louise Thomson, b. 1933   |
| 1312.                    | Alexander Thomson III. b. 1937  |
| 132.                     | Mary Moore Thomson, b. 1911 d. 1927                                     |
| 133.                     | Charles Dabney Thomson, b. 1915, m 1st Sylvia                           |
| ,                        | Gould, (divorced), m 2nd - Caroline Jane<br>Frazer, b. 1918             |
| 1331.                    | Sylvia Gould Thomson, b. 1938   |
| 1332.                    | Charles Dabney Thomson Jr. b. 1940                                      |
| 1333.                    | Mary Moore Thomson, b. 1947   |
| 1334.                    | Ann Frazer Thomson, adopted in 1947                                     |
| 134.                     | Lewis Clark Thomson, b. 1917, m Betty Orr Bullock, b. 1924              |
| 1341.                    | Margaret McCredie Thomson, b. 1948                                      |
| 135.                     | Chilton Thomson, b. 1920, m Janet French, b. 1919                       |
| 1351.                    | Chilton Thomson Jr. b. 1942   |
| 1352.                    | Maynard French Thomson, b. 1944   |
| 1353.                    | Willetta Thomson, b. 1948   |

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#### DESCENDANTS

#### O F

# MARY BELL THOMSON (Mrs. Walter DeGolyer Randall)

| Identification<br>Number |   |
|--------------------------|---|
| 14.                      | Mary Bell Thomson, b. 1881, m Walter DeGolyer<br>Randall, b. 1879   |
| * 141.                   | Herbert T. Randall, b. 1903, m Mildred Kinsolving,<br>b. 1906 (divorced) 1932, m 2nd Olive Mae<br>Swearingin, b. 1915, m 1939 |
| 1411.                    | Mary Bell Randolph, b. 1926   |
| 1412.                    | Catherine Prather Randall, b. 1928  |
| 142.                     | George DeGolyer Randall, b. 1904, m Grace Kuettler, b. 1910   |
| 1421.                    | Nancy Gay Randall, b. 1935  |
| 1422.                    | Sally Joan Randall, b. 1936   |
| 1423.                    | John Thomson Randall, b. 1939   |
| 1424.                    | Betty Edith Randall, b. 1943  |
| 143.                     | Laura T. Randall, b. 1906, m John N. P. Huttig,   |
|                          | b. 1904   |
| 1431.                    | Mary Lee Huttig, b. 1927  |
| 144.                     | Walter Doan Randall, b. 1909, m Ruth M. Brown, b. 1910  |
| 1441.                    | Ruth Doan Randall, b. 1933  |
| 1442.                    | Patricia Brown Randall, b. 1935   |
| 1443.                    | Gary Brown Randall, b. 1940   |

Donald T. Randall, b. 1926

145.

WENT !

#### DESCENDANTS

#### OF

## HOPE LINDENBERGER THOMSON (MRS. REUBEN B. ROBERTSON)

| Number |         |          |    |       |      |       |    |   |        |
|--------|---------|----------|----|-------|------|-------|----|---|--------|
| 15.    | Hope L. | Thomson, | Ь. | Sept. | 8th, | 1883, | m. | - | Reuber |

Identification

151. Hope Robertson, b. Mar. 31st, 1906, m. - 1st. - Bertram Colthup in May, 1931, divorced Mar. 4th, 1937 m. - 2nd. - Russel Lee Norburn in Apr. 1939

Buck Robertson, b. June 11th, 1879

- 1511: Laura Hope Norburn (Cherie), b. Mar. 21st, 1935
- 1512. Russel Lee Norburn Jr. b. Oct. 25th, 1941
- 1513. Charles Robertson Clark Norburn, b. June 21st, 1946
  - 152. Reuben B. Robertson Jr. b. June 27th, 1908, m. Margaret Louisa Watkins, b. Nov. 15th, 1915,
    m. in Dec. 1938
- 1521. Reuben B. Robertson III. b. Sept. 24th, 1939
- 1522. Daniel Huger Robertson, b. May 23d, 1942
- 1523. Peter Thomson Robertson, b. Oct. 10th, 1945
  - 153. Laura Thomson Robertson, b. Apr. 21st, 1913, d. Feb. 4th, 1919
  - 154. Logan Thomson Robertson, b. Apr. 18th, 1916, m. in Sept., 1938 to Evelyn Elizabeth Radeker, b. Apr. 17th, 1916
- 1541. Laura Lee Robertson (Lollie), b. Feb. 15th, 1940
- 1542. Lillian Adams Robertson (Happy), b. Jan. 4th, 1944
- 1543. Logan Thomson Robertson Jr. b. June 6th, 1946

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#### DESCENDANTS

#### O F

#### LOGAN GAMBLE THOMSON

### Identification

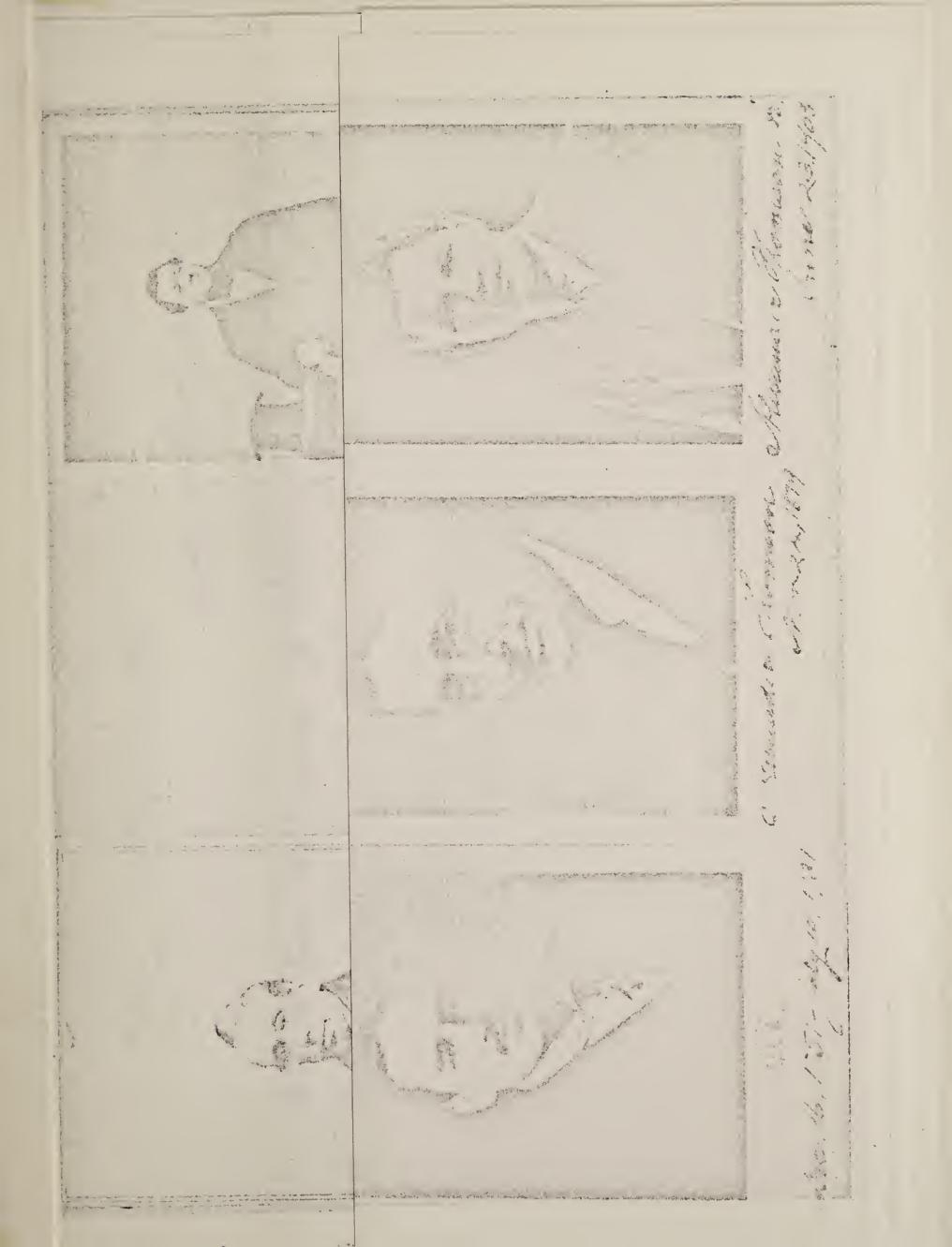
#### Number

- 16. Logan Gamble Thomson, b. 1884, d. 1946, m. Sylvia Yale Johnston, b. 1892
- 161. Dwight Johnston Thomson, b. 1915, m. Gloria Louise Watkins, b. 1925
- 1611. Anne Blair Thomson, b. 1948
  - 162. Jane Lewis Thomson, b. 1923, m. Mark Paul Herschede, b. 1917
- 1621. Sylvia Yale Herschede, b. 1946

#### SOURCE MATERIAL

#### Family Records, Traditions, and Bibliography

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- 2. Rogers Book. By John Cox Underwood of New York. Transcript by Mrs. Charlton Rogers
- 3. Anderson Family Records. By W. P. Anderson (1936)
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- 5. History of Russellville, Logan County, Ky. Account of Gen. Benjamin Logan. By Alexander C. Finley (1878)
- 6. Hope Thomson Lineage. Letter to R. B. Robertson (1945) By Hopewell L. Rogers
- 7. Excerpt from History of Halifax County, Va. on Logans.
- 8. Memo from Temple Bodley on Clarks and Laura Gamble.
- 9. Memo on Clarks, etc. from library records at Indianapolis. By Mrs. Norburn (1928)
- 10. Letter written to his father Alexander Thomson at Paisley, Scotland by Peter Thomson in 1826.
- 11. Clark Records. From Filson Club Records (Louisville). By Hopewell L. Rogers.
- 12. Clark of the Ohio. A Life of George Rogers Clark. By Frederick Palmer (1929)
- 13. Lewis and Clark. Partners in Discovery. By John Bakeless (1947)
- 14. Fitz-Randolph Traditions. By L. V. F. Randolph.
- 15. Story of the Family of John Clough of Salisbury, Mass. By Eva Clough Spears (1943)
- 16. A Visit to Paisley, and Family Memories. A memorandum. By Mrs. Alexander Thomson (1947)
- 17. Filson Club Quarterlies, and Records.
- 18. Kentucky State Historical Register.
- 19. Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania.
- 20. Virginia Historical Index.
- 21. New England Historical and Genealogical Register.
- 22. Ye Andersons of Virginia, by Charles Anderson.
- 23. James Clark, Mansfield, Christopher Clark and Allied Families. By Virginia Elizabeth Lodge McNaught.



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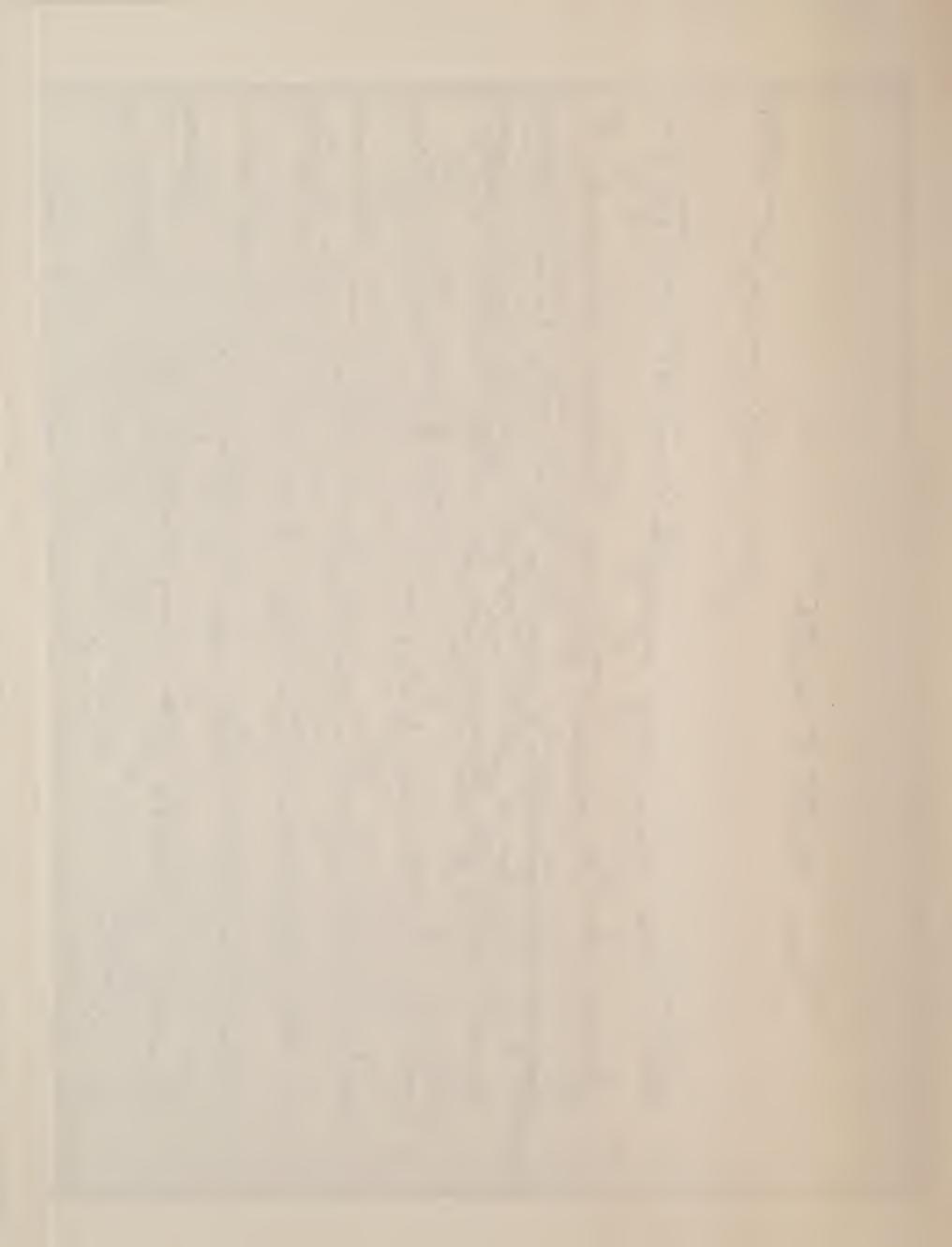
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